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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE.—Room No. 3, COLUMBIAN building.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Jan. 20th 1888, tf.

L. E. WALLER,
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Bloomsburg, Pa
Office over 1st. National Bank.

N. U. FUNK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BLOOMSBURG, PA
Office in Ext's Building.

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
BLOOMSBURG, PA
Office over Moyer Bros. Drug Store.

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Brower's building, second floor, room No. 1
Bloomsburg, Pa.

B. FRANK ZARR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Bloomsburg, Pa.
Office corner of Centre and Main Streets. Clark's Building.
Can be consulted in German.

GEO. E. ELWELL
--ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,—
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office on First floor, front room of COLUMBIAN Building, Main street, below Exchange Hotel.

PAUL E. WIRT,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office in COLUMBIAN BUILDING, Third floor.
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

H. V. WHITE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office in Bowers' Building, 2nd floor.
may 1-tf

S. KNORR. L. S. WINTERSTEEN.
KNORR & WINTERSTEEN,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Office in 1st National Bank building, second floor, first door to the left. Corner of Main and Market streets Bloomsburg, Pa.
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(*DISTRICT ATTORNEY.*)
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office over Dentler's shoe store, Bloomsburg, Pa. [apr-30-86.

W. H. RHAWN.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Catawissa, Pa.
Office, corner of Third and Main Streets.

MICHAEL F. EYERLY,
Conveyancer, Collector of Claims.
—AND—
LEGAL ADVICE IN THE SETTLEMENT OF ESTATES, &c.
Office in Dentler's building with F. P. Billmeyer, attorney-at-law, front rooms, 2nd floor Bloomsburg, Pa. [apr-2-86.

DR. HONORA A. ROBBINS.
Office and residence, West First street, Bloomsburg, Pa. nov26 86 1y.

J. B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side Main street, below Market

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 16. 1888.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL XXII NO 11
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL LI, NO 51

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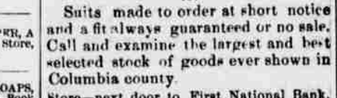

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THE MAN OF ALMONACID.

I am free to confess now that when I first heard of him I took him for a swindler. When I heard that Toledo had been his home for ten whole months—Toledo, which lives only by moonlight, and is the mere corpse of a city in the sunshine—when I heard of a modesty so very retiring, and remembered that England had no extradition treaty with Spain, my only wonder was as to the sum of his spoils. Was he a defaulter for thirty thousand pounds, or a petty rogue of all work?

"Ten months! That is a long time!" I said to Donna Mercedes, my informant, and the elder of the two old maids who kept the Casa de Huespedes, in which I found that I had this stranger for a neighbor. "One might see the antiquities even of Toledo in that time."

"Truly," she answered; "but then, Don Iago is a painter."

"Ah, now I understand!" I replied, with a great increase of cheerfulness. "One might paint Toledo for ten years and not have done. I, too, am a painter."

"And no doubt," said the old dame, beaming upon me through her round rimmed spectacles, "Don Iago will be known to you!"

I took up the visitors' book, in which the sand had not yet dried my autograph. "James Client," I said, reading the name to which she pointed. "No, I do not know him."

Dona Mercedes was puzzled, being scarcely able to understand that two Englishmen, even two English artists, might be strangers to one another. But presently she crossed herself. "Don Iago is an old Christian," she said softly, and so went off with her book, benevolent still, but conscious, I fear, of a serpent in her Eden.

Eden was our boarding-house. From a paved alley, the Calle del Arzobispo, you turned into an archway and groped for a door up three steps in the darkest corner. Then you pulled a weight which hung there and by and by the iron studded door opened as of itself and lo! a tiny courtyard, in which four orange trees in tubs produced an effect of somber gayety. Round this patio, at the level of a first floor, ran a veranda, reached by an uncovered staircase. All the rooms opened on to this veranda. On the right hand side were four little bedrooms. On the side which faced the entrance was the common parlor and on the left the kitchen and the old ladies' room, at a window of which one was always sitting ready to open the outer door with a cord whenever the bell jangled.

It was all very plain and primitive, but clean, and looking round my bedroom, which had whitewashed walls, and a matted floor, and for furniture a bed, a stool, a basin and a brasero, I found no cause to regret the dingy hotel I had left.

When I passed No. 1, on my way to dinner, the door was ajar, and Dona Mercedes was inside with a lamp in her hand. I paused before the door, and she, looking up, saw me. "Ah!" she said proudly, "did I not tell you that Don Iago was a painter? See here!" And she threw her light upon a picture which was resting on an easel before the window.

I saw at once that it was not badly painted. There was a show of facility about it. And yet it was mediocre, surprising me less by its execution than its subject. Here in Toledo, the grand and bizarre, in the midst of such architectural beauty and grotesqueness as fairly bewildered an artist's eye, my neighbor had not painted a street scene, a Moorish gateway, or a leafy cloister. He had chosen instead a country landscape almost as commonplace as it was dreary; a gray house and a gray, sloping olive grove, and round them bleak, wind swept uplands. I was scarcely more astonished to find that I knew the place. I had passed it the day before in my walk from Torrijos—walking is a whim of mine— and is was fully seven miles from Toledo.

At the time I said something pretty to Dona Mercedes, and went on to the parlor. My neighbor was late. I had nearly finished when he entered. He was a man of 35, perhaps, with a thin, careworn face and lines below the temples. He was about my height, wearing his hair and mustache cut short—a blonde, and English looking. He had probably heard of my arrival, yet he seemed put out at sight of me—perhaps merely because he was late.

"I have left the head of the table for you," I said, half rising, politely. "You have been here some time, I understand."

He was breaking his bread into morsels and eating with a worried air.

"Yes; the place suits me," he answered rather curtly.

"Yet you like to hear the lark sing as well as the mouse squeak," I replied, smiling. His tone was not encouraging, but I wished to be agreeable. "If I am not mistaken, I met you yesterday."

"Not that I am aware of," he said, with a hasty glance at me, and then devoted himself to his soup with renewed zest.

"No? On the pathway—I cannot call it a road—from Torrijos? About 2 o'clock?"

He shook his head. "You are mistaken," he answered. "I was not outside the town yesterday."

"Then I saw a man very like you!" I rejoined, nettled by his manner. "There is a ruined castle, called Almonacid, I believe, about a mile this side of Torrijos. As I was passing it I saw an Englishman, and an artist also, if a portfolio makes an artist, leave it and make quickly for the village before me. Somehow I missed him among the houses, and was too far from him at any time to see his features distinctly. But he was wearing clothes like yours."

"And like yours, too, I presume," he rejoined shortly. He had a way of waiting for you, and taking you up suddenly, of which this was my first experience.

"Just so!" I said, for he was right; we were dressed alike. "But I am not aware that the mirage occurs in Spain. Perhaps you know Almonacid?"

"No," he replied, more equably, as if he were ashamed of his show of temper. "I have heard of it. But it is too far for my legs, and I cannot afford horse hire. I sometimes walk out in that direction, but not half as far."

I made a hasty calculation. Almonacid was nine miles from Toledo. The gray house and solitary olive grove were at least seven. So that when my friend said that he had not been half as far as Almonacid, he was not quite truthful, since he must have been to the scene of his picture. But it was no business of mine. He was a good looking man, and that which took him to the dreary farm house might well be a love intrigue—a thing dangerous to enter upon in Spain, more dangerous still to meddle with. I changed the subject.

I had had a difficulty about my letters. The postmaster had refused to give them to me because I had not my passport with me. Later the office had been closed. I told Client this, and he listened, but his thoughts seemed far away, and when I had done he said, "No doubt you will get them to-morrow," in a perfunctory way, with scarcely a show of sympathy.

"I hope I shall," I answered, annoyed that he made so little of it. "I do not know what I shall do if I fail to get them."

"Oh, you will get them," he repeated carelessly.

He was wrong, as it turned out. But so was I when I went to bed, vowing I hated him. I did not take into account the change which twenty-four hours may make in our feelings. Just one day later I could not have identified the surly man I have described with my friend James Client—James Client, who had by that time rescued me from a most unpleasant position, and proved triumphantly that under his rough manner he had a sound heart.

It all arose out of the letters. I called at the postoffice next morning and handed in my passport. Ten minutes afterward I issued from the door dazed and bewildered, at my wits' end what to do. A few paces onward I ran against some one, and, muttering "Perdone usted!" would have passed on without looking up if the man had not seized me by the arm. It was Client. "What is it, Mr. Lynton?" he cried good humoredly. "Have some senorita's eyes shot home? Or—but what is it? Can I help you? And he drew me out of the sunshine into the shade of the covered way which runs round the Zocodover, the great square of Toledo.

"Some one has intercepted my letters," I stammered. "A Spaniard called for them this morning, presented one of my visiting cards, and said I was at the Fonda de Lino—where I did stay one night. All that I can get out of the postmaster is that he gave up the letters and that all was done in order. Confound his stolidity! One of them contained £50!"

He whistled. "Then there is no time to be lost, Mr. Lynton," he cried. "Let us go first to the Fonda. It is possible that some busybody, knowing you did not get your letters yesterday, has fetched them for you on the chance of getting a peseta for his pains."

I gladly assented, and we went together to the hotel. But no one there would confess to knowing anything of my letter. No one had gone for them. As we left the yard I noticed that my companion looked keenly at the waiter, who was not too civil. "Do you suspect him?" I asked, when we were outside.

"I hardly know," Client answered slowly. "Possibly you mislaid a card the night you slept there, so that he is one of the people to be suspected. But come, we will go now to the postoffice. I will help you as far as I can."

And indeed he did. His knowledge of the language was perfect, and it was wonderful to hear him scolding, questioning and complaining, without end of the wrongs his influential friend, whose passport he was waving under their official noses, had suffered. But when presently everything had been tried, and for the time tried fruitlessly, we stood in the square and looked somewhat blankly at one another.

"I say, Mr. Lynton," he began, "fifty pounds is a large sum to lose."

"I wish it were less," I replied, with an attempt at sprightliness.

"It does not cripple you altogether?"

"I can afford it, if that is what you mean. But—but it is a little inconvenient at present," I answered.

"It puts you in a difficulty for a few days?"

"Precisely. I cannot receive another remittance for five days at least. In the meantime I have six—yes, seven pesetas and a half."

"Umph! Call it six shillings and threepence," he replied, laughing. "The cathedral vergers will soon ease you of it, even were it more. But look here! we are next door neighbors, and you must let me help you. In a strange country I always keep a few pounds by me; they are at your service."

As he spoke he drew from an inner pocket a shabby letter case and took out a 200 peseta note—the only note, I saw, that the case contained.

"I am afraid," I said, doubtfully, "that I am inconveniencing you. And besides, you do not know me."

"I shall not need the money," he replied, quickly, "and as to my knowing you, I think I do—not you, personally, but your kind."

"That is well said!" I exclaimed with heartiness, "and I accept your offer on one condition—that if you want the money before Sunday you will tell me so."

"Why, if I do," he replied, laughing merrily, "you will have spent half of it."

"So I shall," I said, laughing myself, "but I have a watch, and Toledo, no doubt, has a—let me call it a Mont de Piete."

"Ciertamente!" he cried gayly, and with a word about meeting at dinner, walked rapidly away, leaving me to my thoughts. I watched him as he threaded his way across the square between laden asses and graceful girls with pitchers, and comparing his slight upright form with the somber Spaniards who strutted up and down, keeping, even on this sunny day, a corner of the capa over the mouth, I felt proud of my countryman.

"I do not think," I said penitently to Jock (I have not mentioned Jock before, although he was at that time my constant companion—a collie dog with the long Scotch head and the tenderest eyes), "I do not think that I shall be so quick to judge the next man we meet—and do not understand. Ah, these hasty judgments, Jock!" and I shook my head, and Jock his tail.

In due course a second remittance came to hand, and I repaid my friend. By that time some of the wonder I had felt at his solitary life in Toledo—Toledo the somber—had passed away. He was not altogether solitary, putting myself out of the question. More than once, in the archway or on the veranda, I met a priest coming from his room—a small, dark, thin faced man with vivid eyes, a Spaniard, of course, who lifted his low crowned beaver to me and bowed politely. Once, too, I had a glimpse of a petticoat whisking out. Moreover, Client seemed to be doing a better trade than I had judged probable from the specimen of his work which I had seen. Not that he told me this himself. He was reserved on the subject, neither offering to show me his pictures nor accepting my proposal that we should do some work together. But our letters sometimes lay on a slab inside the outer door, and I could not avoid seeing that he received several—dealers' letters, I was sure—from art centers—from Dresden and Munich, for instance. Once there was a letter bearing the postmark of St. Petersburg. This seemed strange in a man of his caliber; in a man who was not known to me. And, perhaps, besides puzzling me, it a little nettled me also. My name was not altogether unknown. Client himself had said pretty things about his acquaintance with it. Yet I had no continental patrons, no market outside Great Britain.

If I had fallen in with him at Madrid or Seville I should have known what to think; I should have set him down as one of those copyists who live by all great galleries. And something upon which I lit one day in his room persuaded me for a time that this was the case, few as were the works in Toledo that could pay for the labor of copying. It was a picture, and the only one I saw at any time in his possession, save the somber landscape of which I have spoken.

I had run short of chrome yellow, and hearing him go to his room followed to ask him if he could let me have some. "I suppose I cannot get any chrome yellow in Toledo?" I began before I was well in the room, "nor anywhere nearer than Madrid?"

He was kneeling on the floor, but sprang up so quickly at the sound of my voice that I hastened to apologize for entering without knocking. He did not seem, at once, to understand me. He had been poring over something placed on the ground where it would catch the best light, and his first aim appeared to be to move so as to hide this from me. "What is it?" he cried harshly. "What do you want?" Even by that light I could see that his face was pale.

"My dear fellow," I said, not trying to hide my surprise, "I am sorry that I entered without ceremony, and I have told you so. I came in for nothing in the world but to ask you if any chrome yellow can be got nearer than Madrid. I was so full of my wants that, seeing the door was unlatched, I did not knock at it."

"Was it unlatched?" he asked, glancing at me askance.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Look for yourself," I said curtly.

He stepped forward and saw what I had already noticed—that the bolt was shot, but not into the socket. Something like a stifled curse escaped him. He turned, muttering that I could only get the material I needed in Madrid.

"That is unfortunate. But what have you got here?" I asked, advancing a step into the room. "What a capital bit of painting! It is a Ribera, is it not? It must be!" And, forgetting in my eagerness everything save that I had before me a singularly good copy of a fine picture, I actually waved him aside when he would have interposed. "No one but Ribera!" I cried, stooping over it, "could paint those lights and shadows! No one! It is a genuine Spagnoletto for a hundred!"

"It is a copy!" burst from him in a tone of vivid contradiction.

"A copy!" I repeated after him in wonder. "A copy! Of course it is. So I supposed. Riberas do not grow on every bush, my friend. I meant that the original was a Ribera, and not merely of his school. But now you speak of it," and I went down on my knees, "are you so sure that it is a copy? How bright are these high lights, yet how mellow! And see the depth of the coloring here, and the tawny tone over all! By heavens," I said, rising and facing him abruptly, "it is not a copy!"

"It is!" he cried furiously; "I say it is! Do Riberas grow on every bush, madman!"

The word and the passion he threw into it sobered me at once. "I beg your pardon," I said, "I forgot myself. I am sorry for it. But the opinion I have uttered is my opinion still. And if I do not make a mistake," I went on eyeing him shrewdly, "it is yours, too. I fancy, my friend, that you had just made the discovery when I came in, and that you dared hardly to entertain it. It is no wonder that such a thing threw you off your balance."

For he was trembling still, and glancing from me to the painting and back again in a distraught fashion. "Yes," he said at length, getting out his words with difficulty, "I thought it possible, just possible, but how very, very improbable!"

"Yes, very improbable, if, as I suppose, you bought the picture for a copy. But where did you get it?" I asked briskly. I thought that I was beginning to understand him.

"I bought it from a priest for an old song at Almonacid."

"At Almonacid!"

He moved uneasily, as if he would have recalled his last word. But it was too late, and he nodded assent. "Then after all it was you whom I saw that day?" I commented. "You had just bought it, I suppose."

"Yes, I had a doubt about it then."

"It is a strange story, but strange things happen," I said, watching him narrowly.

"It is true."

Of course I pretended to believe him, and seeing clearly that he wished me gone I took myself to my room. In part I did believe him, only I thought it strange that an artist of his kidney should be so greatly ashamed of having outwitted an old monk; so greatly ashamed as to tell the story of his cleverness in that hang dog fashion. It crossed my mind that I might be wrong in my judgment of the picture. It might be that the St. Christopher was only a copy after all, and Client himself had made it, and was even then when I broke in upon him having it out with his conscience whether he should pass it off for an original or not. That was possible; but to me he had been a friend in need, and it was no business of mine.

The next day, the 17th of January, was to be the last of my stay in Toledo. I had all but finished the sketches I required, and if the truth must be told, I longed to be away. The stillness of the place haunted me. I hated the huge square alcazar which towered over all the Moorish gateways, the hundred silent churches. By noon I had made an end of my work, and hastily putting aside my materials I called Jock and started for a long ramble over the hills where the alcazar did not bar the sunshine though it was impossible to get out of sight of it. I did not return until darkness drove me back into the town.

Then I saw at once that there was something strange on foot. In the streets was an unwonted bustle, which rather grew than lessened as I approached the middle of the town. Knots of people carrying fagots passed hurriedly or stood together at the street corners. The Zocodover was thronged. As—in part curious and in part annoyed—I was pushing my way through the crowd, a clock struck 6, and, set in motion by that signal, the bells in every tower burst into sound. I was brought to a standstill. I had just time to wonder what it meant, when as by magic the bright glare of a hundred fires leaped up above the crowd, and glowing hotly on pillar and gable, flung huge shadows on the very steeples, and exposed at once a hundred silhouettes.

It was a weird yet a beautiful sight. It pleased me to find it repeated in every street and open space I entered. I spent fully an hour, tired as I was, in hurrying up and down to mark the effect of the firelight on this facade or that archway. And when at length I tore myself away and went home, I made quickly for the parlor to talk of what I had seen.

"I say, Client!" I began, "have you been out? What is it? What does it all mean?"

Such a nervous fellow as he was! He jumped up, dropping his spoon into his plate with a clatter. "What does what mean?" he stuttered.

"These bonfires in the streets, to be sure! The sight is a most singular one! You ought to be out viewing it!"

He sat down at once. "Oh, the bonfires!" he said, resuming his meal. "The people are keeping St. Anthony's eve, that is all. It is customary here to do it in this way. You know St. Anthony is always represented with a fire by his side."

"I thought that it was something of that kind," I answered, following his example. "Will you come out with me presently and have a look at the town? The sightseers are orderly enough, though to judge from the stir at the gendarmerie the occasion is a special one."

"Is there a stir there?" he asked, pausing with his spoon half way to his mouth.

"Some civil guards, six or eight I dare say, and an officer were dismounting at the door as I passed. Apparently they had just come in."

"What! Did you notice what the officer was like?" Client asked in a curious tone, but I was busy with my dinner.

"Yes," I answered, carelessly, "he had a hare lip. I remarked it because he had a good look at me as I passed. No! You do not mean to say that you have done already?"

He did not answer, and I looked up to learn the reason. I read something in his pale face and trembling lips which chilled me. The man was suddenly afraid. And not afraid merely. He was in such terror that the very instinct of concealment had passed from him. As his distended eyes met mine he tried to speak, but no sound came. Yet I knew what he would have said. His lips formed, "Can I trust you?"

"Can you trust me?" I repeated, trembling a little myself, and my mouth growing dry; "well, I hope so, I think so, Client; I do, indeed. What is it, my good fellow?" for his very ears seemed to rise from his head, so intently was he listening for some sound. "What have you done? What do you fear?" I whispered.

"Fear?" he muttered, with his hand uplifted, "death, man! Hush! Come to my room." I obeyed his gesture as much as his words, and leaving the parlor we crept silently thither. When we were closeted together he stood facing me, and began to speak in breathless haste. "I did you a good turn the other day, Mr. Lynton; help me now. I am a Carlist—a spy! A man sent here to try the fidelity of the troops. Of late I have been suspected. Now I am sure I am betrayed. The punishment is death! In a few minutes they will be here."

"But what—what can I do for you?" I exclaimed in horror. No one seeing the man could doubt his danger, or at least his belief in it. "Why do you not escape while there is time?" I cried impatiently.

"Time! There is no time!" he answered with an oath of despair. "The house is watched. I dare not leave it. But you can do something for me. You can give me your passport and change rooms with me. We are much alike. Take my name for a few hours, nay, a few minutes. It will save my life—my life, sir! And for you—you know our minister! Yes! Then you will be in no danger."

"But," I said faintly—the man's distress was terrible to witness, and it all came so abruptly upon me—"the Spanish police are sometimes hasty and"— He flinched as if I had struck him. A fresh bit of trembling seized him. He turned from me with a curse and flung himself face downward on the bed.

I had hesitated before. I am not a bold man, and I had heard strange tales of summary justice done by the police. But here the risk seemed so little; the man's condition was so pitiable.

"Get up!" I said harshly, after a brief fight with myself. "I will save you if I can. You are an Englishman when all is said and done. But let us lose no time. You know best what must be done."

He sprang to his feet. At once he had all his wits about him. In a couple of minutes I had taken possession of his room, he of mine. With feverish expressions of gratitude he pocketed the passport I gave him. He dressed me in his long ulster and deer stalker hat; in which I have no doubt that I was like enough to him to pass for him in Spanish eyes. And all this he did with wonderful method, as if he had thought out the details before. It crossed my mind once that he had. His last step was to draw from his mattress two long rolls neatly covered with canvas. "They are papers," he said, pausing to listen, and looking doubtfully at them the while. "Lists of men. And men's lives they will cost if they are found," he added, with excitement. "Yet I dare not take them with me. I dare not. I shall get away by your help, but I shall be stopped more than once, and if these are found on me they will make it all of no use."

He was so reluctant, so sincerely reluctant, as I could see, to leave the papers, despite the risk he would run if he took them, yes, and so very nearly ready to run that risk, that I felt for the first time a sense of real sympathy for him. "Can we not hide them somewhere?" I suggested.

"No!" he answered bitterly, "they will leave no stone unturned here." And with that he thrust the papers back into the mattress—my mattress now.

"Why do you not destroy them?" I asked. "There is no time," he answered sullenly. Then, moved by the force of habit, I think, he sat down on the bed precisely over them.

I wondered—at his answer first, then at another thing. "Why do they not come?" I said querulously. "Are you sure that they intend to come at all—that you have not made a fool of me for nothing?"

His face grew bright a moment and then fell again. "No," he replied; "they set a watch on this house as soon as they came into the town, and are only waiting now until a time when they may be sure that I am at home. That is all." I found out afterward that he was perfectly right in this.

So we sat in dreary expectation, waiting in that little whitewashed room for the clang of musket butts and tramp of feet that should tell us the crisis was at hand. The candle burned dimly, the air was heavy with the pungent odor that rose from the brasero. My eye fell upon his empty easel and the sight carried me back to a time, days before as it seemed instead of hours, when I had still regarded him in the light of a problem to be solved. "And are you an artist?" I asked abruptly. I was glad to break the silence.

"Oh, yes," he said with apathy, "I paint a little."

"And that Spagnoletto—the St. Christopher? Is it really an original?"

"It is the original. You were right," he replied. "It was the gift of a great monastery to the cause."

I whistled. "I think it is a pity," I said, with a jealous eye to the mattress on which he was sitting. The fancy that that priceless Ribera carelessly rolled up might be receiving with each instant some irremediable hurt was a dreadful thing to have on one's mind. When my traveling clock in the next room tinkled nine times, I could bear it no longer. "Look here!" I said, rising, "I am going out. If you are right, I shall be arrested, and there will be an end of it. If not, I shall come back and there will be an end of this foolery. Jock! lie there; good dog!" I added, pointing to the bed. And I strode to the door. Of course I was still disguised in Client's ulster and cap.

He leaped up and caught me by the arm.

"Por Dios!" he cried, clinging to me. "You are going to betray me! You are English, and you can give me up!"

"Man alive!" I answered furiously, the fellow's distrust showed the black spot in him so plainly; "if I wish to betray you, I need only stay here and tell the civil guards who you are!"

He shrank back at that; I suppose he saw its truth, and I went out, passing down the gallery and the stairs to the outer door. As I opened this and, meeting the wind, stepped into the darkness of the entrance, before which the embers of a fire still glowed faintly, I confess that I felt nervous—very nervous. With each step that I took I looked for a challenge or a violent hand upon my shoulder; yet I sprang aside when the lightest of touches fell on my sleeve.

"It is I, Pablo! Go no further!" hissed a voice in my ear. "The street is guarded, senor. I have risked much to save you, but I can do no more. If you get through is it Almonacid?"

"Si, hombre, si," I whispered. Then clutching in my turn the stranger as he was gliding from me I continued: "But stay, amigo. Tell me what I can do!"

"I do not know. Have you no safe hiding place inside?" he answered, cautiously. "Ha! what is that?" It was the sound of approaching feet. As soon as this was certain, "Let me go!" he cried, angrily, trying to tear himself from my grasp. "It is like you! You would destroy me to do yourself no good!"

I released him. While he fell back into the darkness I retreated, cursing my folly the while, into the archway and tried to efface myself against the wall. I was caught in a trap.

The position was not a pleasant one. Tramp! tramp!—the feet came on so steadily and surely until half a dozen forms stood between me and the dying fire outside. A whispered word followed,

The Columbian.

G. E. Elwell, J. E. Bittenbender., } Editors.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1888.

Since the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Kansas case, in which it asserted that the people cannot barter away the morals and health of the public, and plainly says that the public traffic in intoxicants is against the public health and life, preparations have been completed in New York, New Jersey and other states to bring the matter immediately to a test. In Chicago the prohibitionists expect at an early day to file with the county Commissioners a protest against the granting of licenses to applicants for saloon powers. In case the commissioners decline to grant the petitions they will carry the matter to the Supreme Court of the State.

The prospects are that there will be a warm campaign among the candidates for local offices this summer. For the legislature the names of A. L. Fritz and B. F. Zarr have been mentioned on this side of the river, while J. T. Fox, E. M. Tewksbury and Ex-sheriff Mourey will tussle for it on the other side. For sheriff, G. W. Derr and J. B. Casey are expected to be candidates. There is not likely to be any contest over the congressional nomination in the county. Besides the above offices those of District attorney and Jury commissioner are to be filled.

The great prize fight for the championship of the world and $5,000 between John L. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., and Charles Mitchell, of London was decided at Creil, France, on Saturday. Forty-one people were present and there was no interference by the police. Thirty-nine rounds were fought, under London prize ring rules, when the battle terminated in a draw, lasting three hours and eleven minutes. Upon returning to Senlis, Sullivan and Mitchell and the people present at the fight were arrested, but later all but the two principals were released. Sullivan's friends could scarcely credit the reports of the fight. They had bet big money on their man, and they were disappointed and disgusted. Sullivan had boasted that he would knock Mitchell out in four rounds, but the big Boston bully was very glad to give up the job at the end of thirty-nine rounds. This pair of bruisers has divided the attention of the world for the past week between themselves and the dead Emperor of Germany.

EMPEROR WILLIAM DEAD.

Emperor William of Germany died in Berlin last Friday. He was born in 1797. In 1858 upon the breaking down of King Frederick William IV, William Prince of Prussia was made Regent. He was then in the sixty-first year of his age, and on the death of his brother in 1861 he was crowned King of Prussia. On January 18, 1871, he was proclaimed Emperor of Germany by the German Confederation consisting of the North German Confederation, and the southern German states except Austria.

Frederick William Nicholas Charles, succeeds to his father's crown, and has already been proclaimed Emperor. He was born October 18, 1831. He is believed to be suffering from an incurable malady, and his death is a matter of a few months. The Empress is a daughter of Queen Victoria of England. The present crown prince and heir to the German throne is Prince William son of the Emperor, and he too is said to be the victim of a disease that indicates an early death. His son, who is now only six years old would then become the crown prince, or in case of the death of both the present Emperor and Crown Prince, there would be a regency until the heir to the throne comes of age.

PROGRESS.

We sometimes seem to forget the position we now hold in community country towns in all matters of business and progress. And we forget too, that we are to keep the advantage of our position and are to not allow any rival to take the lead. We are easily in the advance now, and can easily remain there with proper attention to our surroundings. There are present prospects of a great activity as soon as the spring opens, and as a stimulant to further exertion a statement of our present status in the business world may be useful. Within our corporate limits we have now:

1. The Lackawanna & Bloomsburg Railroad.
2. The Bloomsburg & Sullivan Railroad.
3. The Bloomsburg Iron Company.
4. Neal & Sons' Anthracite furnace.
5. The Bloomsburg Car Works.
6. The Harman & Hassert Foundry.
7. The First National Bank, Bloomsburg.
8. The Bloomsburg Banking Company.
9. The Bloomsburg State Normal School.
10. The Bloomsburg Gas Company.
11. The Bloomsburg Water Company.
12. The Bloomsburg Steam Company.
13. The Bloomsburg School-desk Factory
14. The Bloomsburg Woolen Mill.
15. The Bloomsburg Agricultural Works.
16. Hess Manufacturing Company.
17. Mears & Co.'s Works.

And now, immediately upon the opening of the spring

18. Sixth street will be extended to the Bloomsburg & Sullivan Railroad so as to accommodate and facilitate the speedy construction of
19. The Lightstreet road will be opened and graded, and a large number of beautiful building lots, especially on the west side of the street will come into a waiting market. And while this is being done, another and most important advance will be made. One which will give increased activity and business to each one of the seventeen enumerated, as well as to every individual citizen. This is no less than the incorporation of
20. The Bloomsburg Silk Mill.
21. The Bloomsburg Bridge Company.

A bridge across the Susquehana here at Bloomsburg is of prime importance. It can be no longer delayed, and nobody can be depended upon to erect it but the citizens. Every man in town wants a share of the stock, he wants an interest in this bridge, and at the rate of fifty dollars a share, every body can take one, and with some activity the whole amount can be raised in ten days.

WASHINGTON LETTER

From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 12, 1888.

"The issue is made, and we shall stand by the bill just as it is," said Representative Mills to-day in reference to the tariff bill. Continuing, he said. "The revenue reformers intend to fight every amendment which is offered, no matter who offers it. This bill is the result of three months hard work and study on the part of the gentlemen who compose the majority of the Ways and Means Committee, and I don't believe it would be possible to get up a measure different from this one that would reduce the revenue to the same extent, and result in as little injustice to everybody concerned." The prospect of passing this bill are improving. Mr. Mills claims that he has 156 votes already pledged to the bill; this is 7 short of a majority. Quite a number of strong speeches in favor of the bill will be made as soon as it gets before the House. Mr. Mills will make the first one, he will be followed by Mr. Breckinridge and several other members of the Ways and Means committee, but probably the strongest and best speech that will be made upon it will be that of Speaker Carlisle, who is beyond question the best equipped man to make a tariff speech in the House.

Senator Ingalls is beginning to hear from the friends of Hancock and McClellan, whom he attempted to villify in his speech the other day. He was a few days ago denied admission as a member into the local commandery of the Loyal Legion, an organization composed of officers and ex officers of the Federal Army, and of which Gen. Sheridan is the grand commander. The reason given to the public for the rejection of Ingalls' application for membership, was that he was not eligible, he having been an officer of State troops only. But there is no doubt in the world that the real reason was his attack on the memory of Hancock and McClellan.

The Senate has passed the Dependent Pension bill, without amendments. It is just as Senator Manderson received it from the G. A. R. It has now gone to the House.

In reply to the complaints made by the Kansas Senators and Representatives in Congress about inefficient mail service in the West, the Postmaster General goes into detail and asserts that the mail service of the entire country is in better condition than ever before.

It is now estimated that the Treasury surplus for the year ending June 30, 1888, will be $155,000,000. And still there are democrats in the House who refuse to support the tariff bill which cuts off $80,000,000 of this large sum.

Revenue reform is spreading. Even Ohio republican wool growers are becoming infected. An official of the Treasury department has received a letter from an Ohio man, who was chairman of the republican central committee of his county in 1884, and a large contributor to the republican campaign fund of that year, and who is a large sheep raiser, in which he says: "I am clear over, and agree with the democrats on the tariff. * * * I am tired of seeing the blacksmith's hammer protected, and nothing done for his muscle."

It is amusing to observe the great efforts that John Sherman is making to secure the republican nomination this year. With his record on numerous public questions, particularly the demonitization of silver, he would make the weakest candidate that could possibly be selected. If he should be nominated, and all good democrats pray that he may be, Colorado, Nevada, and Oregon would be sure to cast their electoral vote for the democratic nominee.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland gave a dinner on Thursday to Hon. Francis Kernan, the veteran Ex-Senator of New York. The other guests were Secretary Bavard, Senator Beck, Representative Mills, and wife, ex-Senator Joseph E. McDonald, and Hon. Wm. P Morrison.

The House committee on Military affairs has unanimously agreed to report favorably to the House the Cutcheon bill appropriating $7,475,000 for public defenses.

The Senate committee on Coast defenses, though it has taken no official action on the matter, has practically agreed to make a favorable report on the bill introduced by Mr. Dolph, providing for fortifications and sea coast defenses, with an amendment locating the new gun factory at the Watervliet Arsenal, New York, instead of at the Frankfort Arsenal, Pennsylvania. The bill makes an appropriation of $126,378,800 for the purpose of building fortifications at New York, San Francisco, Boston, the Lake ports, Hampton Roads, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Portland, and other ports.

A Tragic Declination.

This is the season of Presidential declinations, but all of them have been commonplace compared with the recent highly dramatic and even tragic declination of Senator Ingalls of Kansas. Mr. Blaine had hardly a trace of the dramatic in his opening letter of withdrawal. He simply said that he couldn't afford it, and left wide spaces between the lines for his friends to write in that he must. Mr. Childs sat down to his declination in the plain matter of fact way that he disposes of practical questions. He said substantially—"Thanks, gentlemen, but I can't," and he meant both. General Sheridan rushed into his declination with the impetuosity of one of his old cavalry charges, and the country understood the bluff soldier to express his exact wishes and purposes on the subject. After Sheridan came a lull in the tide of Presidential declinations, but Senator Ingalls broke out a day or two ago with a declination that was so highly dramatic as to flavor of the tragic in his retirement.

Senator Ingalls' Presidential declination differs from all the declinations which preceded his in the fact that he is the only declining candidate who says nothing at all about declining. On the contrary, to many thoughtless readers his speech, in which his declination was made absolute both for the present and future, will be accepted as a fervent bid for Presidential honors, but the second sober thought must convince all intelligent citizens that of all the Presidential declinations of the season, that of Senator Ingalls is the most emphatic and absolute. He is the scholarly and learned man of the Senate, and no Senator is presumed to understand better the full meaning and force of language, and certainly no Senator should better understand that the American people will never entertain the question of electing to the Presidency a man who proclaims his utter disregard of all the courtesies and decencies of official life. Instead of declining the Presidency in the regulation way, he made his retirement from the field intensely dramatic, even to the extent of the tragic taking-off of his aspirations for the highest civil trust of the world.

Senator Ingalls' absolute and irrevocable declination of the Presidency is in these words, as found in the official report of his recent speech in the Senate on the Presidential campaign—"The personal allusions to myself (as a Presidential candidate) I would pass by with a single observation that the nomination and election of Grover Cleveland had made the pretensions of any American citizen to the Presidency respectable. There is no man in this country whose ignorance is so profound, whose obscurity so impenetrable, whose antecedents so degraded, that he has not the right to aspire to the Presidential nomination by the Democratic party." When it is considered that Senator Ingalls, as President pro tem. of the Senate, and his wife have been the willing guests of honor at the Executive Mansion on every social occasion that warranted it, the beastly assault upon the President to whose dignified and generous hospitality he has ever rushed, exhibits the agonized determination of the Kansas Senator to put himself entirely out of Presidential possibilities by putting himself entirely beyond the bounds of common decency in prostituting partisan politics even below the arts of the wanton. The equally indecent assaults upon such patriotic soldiers as General McClellan and General Hancock, were simply the logical but lesser streams of the fountain of unmitigated blackguardism he unloosed in his desperate determination to preclude the possible consideration of his name as a Presidential candidate.

There is a charitable theory presented by some that should be stated in justice to Senator Ingalls. It is said, in apology for his speech that would have disgraced a native legislator of the Congo State, that his mind is meteoric and flying to pieces in brilliant scintillations of mingled poetry and invective. The theory is in accord with the theory of his declination of the Presidency, as there is no disposition in any section to transform the Executive Mansion into a lunatic asylum; but when a party leader who is honored with the dignity and duties of the second office of the Republic, degrades himself, and seeks to degrade the highest honors of the nation, to the declamation that would offend the fish market, the charity that is due to all requires that the excuse of unsettled reason should be considered in extenuation of such a flagrant offense to the country's sense of justice and to its respect for its chosen and faithful rulers. But, whatever may be the explanation of or apology for Senator Ingalls' speech, it will be accepted by all as the most positive and irrevocable of all the Presidential declinations of the season. Next!—*Times.*

THE GREAT BLIZZARD!

The severe storm which commenced in this section on Sunday seems to have prevailed throughout the Atlantic states, and was the greatest that has been known for many years. A fierce gale was kept up and the mercury in the thermometer driven down to zero. The heavy snow of Sunday and Sunday night was drifted on the railroads like mountains, thus obstructing the roads in every section. Thousands of laborers were put to work Monday to clear the road, but with little success. A telegram dated at Philadelphia, Tuesday March 13th says:

The railroad lines made but little effort to-day to operate their roads, and with the exception of a few suburban, and a train or two from the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad, little or nothing has been done. The Day express, which was due in this city yesterday over the Pennsylvania road from the west, reached this city at 11:30 this morning, and Chicago limited, due here at 5 o'clock last night, followed it fifteen minutes later. These trains were far more successful in reaching their destination than were two trains which were dispatched for Harrisburg and the west this morning, but which were stuck at Wynnewood, a suburban town. After this failure no effort was made to send out through trains, or in fact any on the main line. Three trains were sent out and the same number arrived on the Germantown and Chestnut Hill branch, the last of which brought in a large gang of laborers who had been fighting the elements all day. No trains were run on the central or New York divisions. The New York division is completely closed and the newspaper train which left New York at 4:50 Monday morning has not yet reached this city. It is reported here that it is laid up near Princeton, with several others beyond it. From this end trains have gone as far as Bristol where they still remain. Large gangs of men are being sent out to-night on the different branches of the road to relieve those who have worked all day and a Pennsylvania railroad official said to-night that as the company had got the line cleared to within a short distance of Trenton, the New York division would probably be opened up for traffic to-morrow. The same official said that the company had very few passengers to send out as the arrivals were so light in number and that until the company were advised that the road was clear no further effort would be made to dispatch trains. On the main line the principal trouble is between Paoli an Parkesburg, a distance of between twenty and thirty miles and the condition of affairs on that piece of the road is described as the worst ever known in the history of eastern railroading.

Another despatch from Reading, Pa. dated Tuesday the 13th says: There is no abatement in the force of the storm now raging throughout this section. No stages or teams of any kind came into town to-day, and no mail was received from or sent to outlying country districts. The coal and freight traffic on the railroads is at a complete standstill, and the business in this city is quite dead. With the aid of an extra engine one passenger train came in from Harrisburg, one from Pottsville and three from Philadelphia, while from forty to fifty come and go every day. Those that did arrive were generally from ten to eighteen hours late. About a dozen passenger trains are snow bound between Reading and Philadelphia. Some snow drifts on the railroads are from ten to twenty feet deep and in the country the roads are as high as fences. The East Penn, Reading and Columbia, Wilmington and Northern, Schuylkill and Lehigh, all centering in Reading, are completely blockaded and no train has passed over them since early yesterday. The storm of to-night threatens to stop all traffic on the main line of the Reading by morning. The Perkiomen, Colebrookdale and other branches are under snow from five to fifteen feet. A number of industrial establishments are closed because their employes are snowed in at their homes. A number of houses and barns have been unroofed, and it is feared that some lives have been lost in the extreme country districts. John A. Miller, a newsboy on the train due in Reading at 9.45 p. m., was blown from the train a short distance below Monocacy station, but escaped serious injury. The lad was about passing from the smoking to the ladies' car when he was caught by a sudden blast of wind and hurled from the train. Conductor George Smith was standing at the window and stopped train. Miller resides on North Eight street. Another boy, known as "the Englishman," was hurled from a train at Merion and injured one of his legs severely. He was also cut about the head. He resides in Philadelphia, and was sent home.

Luther J. Shaffer.

We have frequently heard it wondered whether Sheriff Leahy, whose disagreeable duty it will be to execute the sentence of the law upon Luther Shaffer, will be likely to hesitate or shrink in the performance of that duty. We don't think he will. The sheriff is an old soldier and has seen death in too many shapes to cower at the sight of it coming under the forms of law. Therefore there will be no timidity on his part, although we have no doubt he deeply regrets that it has fallen to his lot to do such a seemingly cruel act. But the mandate of the law cannot be set aside and the criminal must pay the penalty of his crime.

WITNESSES TO THE EXECUTION.

But this awful act of depriving a fellow creature of his life will be done decorously and humanely, and with as little publicity as possible. The law of Pennsylvania does not permit the public execution of criminals and if we were the sheriff we should have just as few present as possible. No doubt quite a large number of persons will pester Sheriff Leahy for permits to witness the execution, and knowing his good nature will be apt to try to impose on it, but he is not obliged to grant permits to anybody, and public sentiment will sustain him in having only as many spectators as may seem to be absolutely required.

Of course the Sheriff will exercise his own discretion and judgment in the matter, and we feel confident that he will do the right thing, or as near the right thing as the circumstances of the case will permit.

MARRIAGE LICENSE AND DEATH WARRANT.

Chief Clerk Gearhart, of the State Department, was clerk of the courts of Montour county about a year ago. One day Luther J. Shaffer came into the office and secured a license to marry a pretty girl whom Mr. Gearhart had known since her childhood. Shaffer left with the license, but the following morning returned with the information that the girl would not marry him. He wanted the clerk to tell the girl that she would have to marry him because he had taken out the license, but Mr. Gearhart indignantly refused, and thus the girl escaped becoming the wife of a murderer.

The girl afterwards told Mr. Gearhart she had never thought of marrying Shaffer. A few weeks ago the same hand that wrote his marriage license wrote Shaffer's death warrant for Governor Beaver to sign.—*Lock Haven Democrat, 12th.*

The peculiar purifying and building up powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla make it the very best medicine to take at this season.

This was Indeed a Giant.

Yesterday a fragment of a human skeleton was brought into Carson, Nev., from Pine Grove, near Genoa. The original skeleton must have been fully twenty-five feet long. The bone was a portion of the leg below the knee, and, at the point where it joined the knee, was eight inches across, or five times the usual size. The fragment was about two feet long, splendidly preserved, and weighed about twenty pounds. All the local physicians agree that it is unquestionably a portion of the skeleton of the largest human remains yet discovered. Parties are going to Pine Grove to search for the rest of the skeleton.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

The Hancock Legion of Philadelphia, composed of veterans of the war, sent a large basket of flowers to the desk of Senator Blackburn as a mark of appreciation of his defense of Hancock and McClellan against the virulent attack of Senator Ingalls. That is the way Ingalls is securing the soldier vote for the Presidency.

Be Sure to Get Hood's

Sarsaparilla, my child. See that they do not give you anything else. You remember it is the medicine which did mama so much good a year ago—my favorite

Spring Medicine

Nearly everybody needs a good spring medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla to expel impurities which accumulate in the blood during the winter, keep up strength as warm weather comes on, create an appetite and promote healthy digestion. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will be convinced of its peculiar merits. It is the ideal spring medicine—reliable, beneficial, pleasant to take, and gives full value for the money. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Wm. N. A. Rogers deceased.

The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans Court of Columbia county to make distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountant, to and among the parties entitled thereto, will sit at his office in Bloomsburg, on Saturday, April 21, 1888, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to attend to the duties of his appointment, when and where all persons having claims against said estate, must appear and prove them, or be forever debarred from any share of said fund.

J. H. MAIZE, Auditor.

March 7, 1888.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Mary Edgar late of Benton township deceased.

Letters testamentary on the said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to pay the same, and those having claims against said estate will present the same for settlement to

HOBB McHENRY, Executor.

WILLIAM HART

BLOOMSBURG, PENN'A.,

AGENT FOR THE

KEYSTONE DYNAMITE POWDER CO.

manufacturers of the celebrated Keystone Dynamite. This explosive is giving universal satisfaction. Quotations cheerfully given. [17feom

THE SON REJECTED.

LESSON XII, INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL SERIES, MARCH 18.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxi, 33-46. Golden Text, John i, 11—Memorize Verses 33-38—Comment by Rev. William Newton, D. D.

[From Lesson Helper Quarterly, by permission of H. S. Hoffman, Philadelphia, publisher.]

Notes.—A parable, spiritual truth conveyed under material forms or images. A wine press, rather "a place for the wine fat." This is usually formed in a ledge of rock, it is rectangular in form and communicates with a lower vat into which the juice runs as the grapes are pressed in the one above. A tower, sometimes called "a lodge," for the keeper of the vineyard. Let it out, or hired it out for a part of the crop. Husbandmen, those who worked the vineyard. Stoned, not killed, but drove him off with stones. Likewise, in the same way. Reverence, pay respect to. Heir, one who receives property from another by descent. Inheritance, the property that was to go to the heir. Here is the vineyard. Render, return, pay or yield. Marvelous, wonderful. Perceived, saw or understood. Lay hands on him, or do violence to him. Powder, fine dust. Prophet, a foreteller of future events and so God's messenger to them.

V. 33. There is no question that the parable here spoken by our Lord is the reproduction of Isaiah v, 1-7. For the statement is altogether unqualified. "The vineyard of the Lord of Hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah his pleasant plant, Isaiah v, 7. And again we read, "Yet I had planted thee a noble vine," Jeremiah ii, 21. And we can trace each event described in this verse. Doubtless the planting took place at Horeb, Read Exodus xix, 4-6. Israel was chosen before this. But their visible taking out from the nations took place then and there. There the planting took place. And the setting of the hedge about them, what was this but the enactment of the statutes and ordinances shutting them in from the nations about them. And the wine press and the tower, what are these but completed arrangements for their efficiency and safety as the vineyard of the Lord. Now, there was a purpose in all this. And that purpose was the receiving of the fruits of the vineyard. And here comes in the letting out to husbandmen and the departure of the owner into another country as perfectly natural incidents of the parable. And so Israel stands before us, let out to or put into the hands of the rulers, who were appointed of God to conduct its affairs as really as husbandmen do those of a vineyard.

V. 34-36. There can be no shadow of a doubt that these servants represent the seers and the prophets sent in the Lord's name to hold the rulers to the faithful discharge of the great trust put into their hands. From Acts iii, 24, it seems that Samuel was the first of the line. And from him the line sweeps onward unto John, who was the last before the son. And from the verses before us we learn:

1. God expects fruit from spiritual privileges.
2. That he holds men to account for them.
3. There is enmity in man's heart against God.

V. 37, 38. The ruling spirit of enmity within comes to a climax here. The Son of the Lord of the vineyard is sent last of all, and him they cast out and kill. Of course the doubt as to how he would be received applies only to the earthly side of the parable. The owner of this vineyard did not know. But we cannot carry this over to its spiritual side, or to that which the parable represents. Here all is clear in the certainty of knowledge as to the treatment he would receive. In the councils of the Godhead he was "The lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Rev. xii, 8. And as the shadows of the cross darkened about him, he said: "Now is my soul troubled. And what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour. But for this cause came I to this hour." John xii, 27. And yet this certainty of the fact of his rejection and death at their hands did not affect to the shadow of a hair the voluntariness of their action in rejecting and crucifying him. "By wicked hands ye have crucified and slain" him, was the charge of the apostle against them under the direct teaching of the Spirit. And the essence of their wickedness was, "They hated me without a cause," John xv, 25. And there was no cloak for that sin.

V. 39-41. Now, in view of the facts of this treatment, our Lord's question here is most natural and pointed. And to there could be but one answer, and this the chief priests and Pharisees gave at once. And in it there are two truths very clearly stated:

1. A just retribution, and
2. A new disposition of the vineyard.

V. 42. Now comes the application of this by the Lord to themselves. And he did so in the words of their own scripture. There is no shadow of doubt that the reference is to the Messiah, and has always been held to be so. "The stone" is the Messiah. The builders, the rulers of the Jews. The refusing or rejecting of the stone, the crucifying of the Lord and making him the head of the corner, his rising from the dead. All this is clear as light without a cloud. And just as clear, too, is the truth that under this change of figure, God's everlasting purpose of the exaltation of the Son whom the husbandmen were about to cast out and kill was thus announced to them. In the one figure they were the "builders." In the other the "husbandmen." And in each destruction was the inevitable doom.

V. 43. How full of solemn majesty are these words: "Therefore I say unto you," etc. They are the words of one who had in his hands all power in heaven and in earth, but who for a purpose and a time had stooped to become the servant of all.

"The kingdom of God," no doubt, was that given to the Jews when the Lord called them to himself to be "a peculiar treasure," "a kingdom of priests and a holy nation." Exodus xix, 5-6. And it was given to them at that time, as we have seen the vineyard was planted then. But it was conditioned on Israel's obedience.

V. 44. The Jewish people fell on this stone and were broken. And or 1800 years they have been broken. But a wound is not death. They have been sorely wounded. Thank God there is a "balm in Gilead. There is a physician there." The day of Israel's healing draws near. But when the stone smites the confederate nations—Dan. ii, 34, 35—that is not a wound, but destruction.

V. 45, 46. The truth cut home. They felt the keenness of its edge, the telling power of its thrust. They saw themselves in the picture. But their only reply was a hatred more intense and a determination to pursue him even to the death. They could not deny the truth of his words. But they could put him out of the way. They could not extenuate their wrongs. They could only kill him who told them of them.

The long strike in the Lehigh coal region has ended in the unconditional surrender of the strikers. At a meeting of District Assembly 87 held at Hazleton, on Sunday the strike was formally declared off by Hugh McGarvey, master workman, and John J. Maghan, secretary of the assembly.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and relieves consumptive persons in advanced stages of the disease. Price 25 cts. Genuine, This Genuine Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sold only in white wrappers, and bears our registered Trade-Marks to wit: A Bull's Head in a Circle, a Red Strip Caution-Label, and the facsimile signatures of John F. Bull & Co. Refuse Proprs, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Sores, Frostbites, Backache, Wounds, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, &c. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 Cents a Bottle.

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For Piles, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Bruises, Burns, Sore Eyes,

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PUBLIC SALE

OF VALUABLE

Real Estate!

The undersigned, administrator of the estate of Isaac Yetter, late of Mainville, Columbia county, Pa., deceased, will expose to public sale, at the late residence of the said decedent, in said town,

WEDNESDAY, March 21, 1888,

at one o'clock p. m., the following described valuable real estate, to-wit:

HOUSE & LOT,

situate on the east side of the Main street of said town, and having a frontage thereon of about 40 feet, and a depth of about 80 feet; said property adjoins land of Josiah Fleming on the north, and lands of J. B. Yetter on the south and west. The improvements are a commodious two-and-half story

DWELLING HOUSE,

large barn and all necessary outbuildings. There is also a very choice lot of fruit on the premises.

ALSO, at the same time and place, a lot of household goods, consisting of beds, bedding, chairs, tables etc.

Terms and conditions made known on day of sale by

W. A. YETTER, Administrator.

Catawissa, Feb. 2, '88.

CHANGE OF TERM IN THE CCURTS OF MONTOUR COUNTY.

In re change of Term from February to March. Now December 19, 1887, it is *ordered* that the February Term of the several Courts in Montour county be discontinued, and in lieu thereof there shall be a March Term in the year 1888, and in each succeding year, commencing on the second Monday of that month, to which Term writs, &c., shall be returnable as heretofore practised in respect to the February Term.

And it is further *directed* that this order be published in not less than two newspapers, published in each of the counties of this Judicial District, before the said second Monday of March, 1888

WILLIAM E. WELL, President Judge.
R. S. SIMINGTON, }
JOHN BENFIELD, } Associate Judges.

Attest:—EDWARD G. HOFFMAN, Prothonotary.

2mar2t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Martha Long, late of Madison township, deceased.

Letters of administration on the said estate having been granted to the undersigned administrator all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to pay the same, and those having claims against said estate present the same to

A. K. SMITH, Admr.
Jerseytown P. O., Pa.

mar2-6t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF LYDIA SPONSENBERG, DECEASED.

The undersigned Auditor, appointed to make distribution of the fund in the hands of the administrator, to and among the parties entitled thereto, will sit at his office in Bloomsburg, on Thursday, March 29, 1888, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all parties having claims against said estate must appear and prove the same or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

mar2 F. P. BILLMEYER, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF ELI FRALEY, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed an Auditor by the Orphans' Court, to make distribution of the balance in the hands of the account. to and among the parties entitled thereto, in the said estate, will attend at his office in Bloomsburg, on Friday March 30, 1888, now next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to perform the duties of his appointment. All persons having claims upon the fund for distribution are notified to present them, with the proofs to the Auditor at the said time and place, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

mar2. JOHN G. FREEZE, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF STEPHEN HEFLICH.

The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, to make distribution of the balance in accountant's hands, to and among the parties entitled thereto, will sit at his office in Bloomsburg, on Saturday, March 31, 1888, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to attend to the duties of his appointment, when and where all parties having claims against said estate must appear and prove the same, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

mar2. N. U. FUNK, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF EMMA M. BRADEN, DECEASED.

The undersigned auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, to make distribution of the balance in the hands of the administrator of said decedent, as shown by his first and final account, to and among the parties entitled, will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office in Bloomsburg, Pa., on Monday, March 19, 1888, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, when and where all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased must appear and prove them, or be forever debarred from coming in for a share of said fund.

CHARLES G. BARKLEY, Auditor.

Feby 24, 1888.

NOTICE.

To all persons interested as stockholders, creditors or otherwise:

Notice is hereby given of the following order of the Court of Common Pleas of the county of Columbia, to-wit:

State of Pennsylvania, } ss.
County of Columbia, }

(SEAL OF THE COURT) (OF COMMON PLEAS) (OF COLUMBIA CO.)

Among the records and proceedings of the Court of Common Pleas, in and for said county and state, it is *inter alia* thus contained at No. 1. Feby. T., 1888.

In the matter of the petition for the sale of the real estate of the Odd Fellows' Hall Association of Berwick.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia county, No. 1, Feby. T., 1888.

And now Feby. 9, 1888, upon the petition of H. H. Bower, Hudson Owen, Isaiah Bower and J. W. Evans, stockholders of the said Odd Fellows' Hall Association of the borough of Berwick, lately dissolved by decree of this Court, making application for the sale of the real estate of the said dissolved corporation, the Court appoint Wednesday, the 14th day of March, 1888, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, for the hearing and investigation of the facts of the case, and direct tenders notice of said day, and time of hearing to be given to all known parties in interest, personal notice to and service upon all known parties in interest, whose places of residence are known, and by advertisement to others interested three times in the following named weekly newspapers of said county, to-wit: The Berwick "Independent," and "Columbian," requiring all parties to show cause on the day and time fixed for said hearing, why the said Court should not decree a sale in accordance with the petition aforesaid of the real estate of the said dissolved corporation by a trustee, to be appointed by the said Court, at either public or private sale.

By the Court.

Certified from the records Feby. 20, A. D. 1888.

WM. H. SNYDER, Prothy.

CHARLES G. BARKLEY, Atty for Petitioners. 6feb4

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So are the

Spring Styles.

Spring Styles in

HATS,

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OVERCOATS,

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SPRING TIES,

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SUITINGS

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CLOTHING

Can be had at the

POPULAR

CLOTHING STORE

—OF—

D. LOWENBERG'S

Estate.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE

OF VALUABLE

Real Estate!

The undersigned, administrator of Henry G. Martz, deceased, will expose to public sale, on the premises, on

THURSDAY, March 22, 1888

at 9 o'clock a. m., the following described real estate, situate in Briarcreek township, Columbia county, Pa., bounded on the east by lands of Isaiah Bower, —— Shelhamer and Lucinda Martz, on the west by land of —— Adams, Frank Fowler and George Bower, and on the north by land of L. Adams and I. Bower, and on the south by Land of —— Masteller heirs and others, containing

58 ACRES,

more or less, on which are erected

2 2-Story Frame Dwelling Houses, Frame Machine Shop,

bank barn and stable, with outbuildings, good apple orchard, well of water at dwellings, stream of water running through the land.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. of one-fourth of the purchase money to be paid at the striking down of the property, the one fourth less the ten per cent. at the confirmation absolute, and the remaining three-fourths in one year thereafter, with interest from confirmation nisi. Purchaser to pay for making deed.

feb24 ISAIAH BOWER, Adm'r.

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Wedding and Party

Invitations, Cards and Envelopes, Just Received at the

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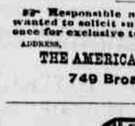

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., Wall St., N. Y.

The Columbian

Published every Friday. Subscription price, $1.50 a year.
Entered at the Post Office at Bloomsburg, Pa., as second class matter, March 1, 1888.

BLOOMSBURG, PA

FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1888.

CORRECT RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

BLOOMSBURG & SULLIVAN RAILROAD

STATIONS.	SOUTH. Arrive. P. M.	SOUTH. Arrive. A. M.	NORTH. Leave. A. M.	NORTH. Leave. P. M.
Bloomsburg	1 55	8 00	8 45	6 40
Main Street	1 44	7 53	8 49	6 42
Irondale	1 41	7 50	9 00	6 45
Paper Mill	1 33	7 40	9 14	6 51
Lightstreet	1 28	7 35	9 32	6 58
Orangeville	1 13	7 23	9 40	7 10
Forks	12 57	7 11	9 58	7 22
Tubbs	12 50	7 06	10 05	7 27
Sullivan	12 43	7 00	10 15	7 33
Benton	12 30	6 50	10 30	7 45
	Leave. P. M.	Leave. A. M.	Arrive. A. M.	Arrive. P. M.

Trains on the P. & R. R. R. leave Rupert as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
7:37 a. m.	11:00 a. m.
3:37 p. m.	6:04 p. m.

Trains on the D. L. & W. R. R. leave Bloomsburg as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
7:12 a. m.	8:32 a. m.
11:07 a. m.	12:05 p. m.
2:24 p. m.	4:18 p. m.
6:36 p. m.	8:47 p. m.

Trains on the N. & W. B. Railway pass Bloom Ferry as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
10:46 a. m.	11:49 a. m.
4:36 p. m.	4:39 p. m.
SUNDAY.	
NORTH.	SOUTH.
10:16 a m	6:39 p m

SALES.

MARCH 22.—Isaiah Bower, administrator of the estate of Henry G. Martz, will sell valuable real estate on the premises in Briarcreek township, commencing at 9 o'clock a. m.

MARCH 21.—W. A. Yetter, administrator of the estate of Isaac Yetter, will sell valuable real estate and household goods, on the premises, in Mainville, commencing at one o'clock p. m.

FOR SALE—cheap—1 chamber suit, 1 heater, 1 cook stove, 1 double cupboard and other furniture to avoid moving. call at once on Mrs S. R. Camp, Galignan house, on east Third St. 4tfb17

FOR SALE.—A desirable and commodious residence on Main street, supplied with water, gas and steam. Apply to
jan20tf. L. N. MOYER.

FOR RENT.—The Susquehanna House, Catawissa. Possession given at once. Apply immediately to the owner at Catawissa, Pa.

LOST OR MISLAID.—A map of Rosemont Cemetery. Any person having any information as to its whereabouts will please inform Mr. R. R. Little, Esq.

FOR SALE.—A farm of 107 acres in Hemlock township, with house, barn and outbuildings, plenty of good spring water, orchard, &c. For particulars inquire of Mrs. Elizabeth Creber, on the premises, or of Geo. E. Elwell, Bloomsburg. 3t

E. C. Bundy, practical auctioneer; over 20 years experience, in crying farm property. Store goods and hotel furniture a specialty. Postoffice address, Bloomsburg, residence on Little Fishingcreek, at slate quarry. feb.3-6w.

Wanted.

$3000 or $4000 wanted on 1st mortgage. Property under good lease. Interest paid monthly if desired. Address, Manufacturer, care of this paper.

FOR SALE.—Good dwellings in Bloomsburg and good farms in Columbia Co. Any person wishing to buy or sell real estate should call on M. P. LUTZ,
Insurance and Real Estate Agent, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Buy Lester's Binghamton Kip Boots. Best made.

Personal.

Miss Mary McKelvy is visiting relatives in Bethlehem.

Ex-Sheriff Mowry has been a subscriber to the COLUMBIAN since 1866.

Rev. Father McCann attended the consecration of Bishop McGovern at Harrisburg last Sunday.

Latest advices from Judge Elwell report his condition as greatly improved. He will return from the south next month some time.

E. Frank Smith, of Bellevue Medical College, New York, is spending a short vacation at home, after having successfully passed the spring examinations.

Theodore Mencer, now of Muncy Valley, but formerly of Rohrsburg, was in town on Saturday last. We are pleased to learn that he is prospering.

Spring will begin on the 20th of March.

Trout can be fished for legally after April 16th.

Catawissa's shoe factory is now a sure thing.

To-morrow (Saturday) will be St. Patrick's day, and green ribbon will be in great demand.

Mr. Wm. Rabb has begun the work of building a new frame house on lower Main street.

Mr. Eli Jones has the contract for remodeling the A. M. E. church. Work has already been commenced.

Mr. Levi Hall died suddenly at his home Tuesday, funeral will take place on Friday.

The rentals of houses are higher this spring than have been known in this place for many years.

Three large paper books have been printed at this office this year for the Supreme Court, and orders for three more are on our books. They will aggregate 400 pages.

The popular blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is having a tremendous sale this season. Nearly everybody takes it. Try it yourself.

A malignant sore throat seems to be prevailing among a large number of our citizens. The sudden change of temperature is probably the cause.

Rev. F. P. Manhart will preach a sermon in the Lutheran church next Sunday evening, designed especially for young men. All are invited.

Photographs taken at night by the flash light process, family groups and gatherings photographed in your home at night. M'Killip, Photographer, Bloomsburg. 2w.

Mr. I. S. Kuhn brought a car-load of cattle from Buffalo, Tuesday. He was delayed by the snow storm between Binghampton and Scranton.

While most of the great railroads of the country were blocked by the storm the first of the week, the Bloomsburg & Sullivan ran its trains regularly on time

Several sleighs were seen in town on Wednesday. Among those who enjoyed a a late sleigh ride was John Appleman, Esq. of Buckhorn.

Judge McHenry shipped a car load of wheat over the B. & S., this week, consigned to the Hemlock Mill. It was a part of the product of his Stillwater farm.

As soon as the frost leaves the ground the work of track laying will be resumed on the B. & S. railroad. The road will be extended to the mountain.

A new lamp post has been placed at the north corner of the Exchange Hotel, to light up the alley way to the stables for the accomodation of guests driving in and out at night time.

No Philadelphia or New York papers came through on Monday. On Tuesday night Monday's papers reached here, and Tuesday's papers came straggling in on Wednesday.

Caldwell's lunch counter is constantly supplied with all kinds of delicacies as well as substantial food. Fresh fish and turtle soup were on the bill of fare this week.

The old Chamberlin property, now owned by William Kramer, has undergone a great change for the better. It will be occupied by William Webb as a tobacco store and dwelling.

The School Furnishing Company were obliged to send their men home on Tuesday because of the excessive cold weather. The building could not be kept warm enough for the workmen.

If the fore part of this week was the last of winter, it surely gives up reluctantly. When the thermometer registers at zero in March, we can hardly call it a spring month.

Mr. S. R. Ittenbender has permanently located at Benton, where he will give his attention to repairing watches and jewelry. He has had a number of years' experience in this business and should repair with entire satisfaction.

Mrs. Rabb's loss by fire a week ago last Sunday was adjusted by C. F. Knapp for the German American Fire Insurance Co. on the following day, the amount allowed being $68. On Friday Mrs. Rabb got a check for the full amount. This is quick work.

In the U. S. District Court, Postmaster W. H. Krantz, of Honesdale, who was convicted of using postage stamps in payment of bills contracted in business enterprise, was sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and cost of prosecution.

Two weeks from Saturday is general moving day. Happy are those who do not need to make a change. More furniture is destroyed at moving time than several years use in the house. It is a common saying that three movings is equal to one fire.

The changes at Phillips' Bakery are completed and the new store room was occupied for the first on Tuesday. It is enlarged, the floor is cut down to the level of the pavement, a new glass front, new shelving and many other improvements have been added.

The Great Eastern Tea Company has purchased L. Gross' variety store and will move into the room in Sharpless' building before April 1st. Their specialties are teas, coffees, spices and fruits, and they will increase their line when they get into their new quarters.

Rev. M. J. Cruthers, presiding elder, will preach in the Evangelical church on Fourth street on Saturday evening, Sunday afternoon and Sunday evening. Sacrament of the Lord's supper will be celebrated Sunday afternoon after preaching service.

The annual meeting of the Central Pennsylvania Conference of the M. E. church is in session this week at Williamsport, Bishop Merrill presiding. Over 200 ministers are in attendance. The membership of this church in the conference is 48,000, and the value of church property $2,155,564.

Rev. Mr. Wagner of the Reformed church of this place and Rev. A. Houtz of the Reformed church of Orangeville started Tuesday for Freeland, via Nescopec, but found that the road was completely blockaded so that they were compelled to return again to Bloomsburg in the evening.

Sunbury wants a guitar and mandolin club. The *Daily* says Milton has one, and Sunbury should have a similar organization.—*Milton Economist.*

Why shouldn't Bloomsburg have one as well. There is certainly enough talent here to organize a good guitar and banjo club, if no mandolin players can be found.

The furniture and novelty works under the management of J. W. Mears & Co. is now in full running order. The works were started Wednesday. They have all the latest improved machinery and with skilled workmen can turn out fine work of every variety. Parties in need of fine surfacing or manufacture of small articles should give them a trial.

Geo. A. McKelvy has purchased Hender shott's Pharmacy, and has taken possession of the same. He will carry a full line of the purest drugs, perfumes, toilet articles and a general assortment of goods kept in a first-class drug store. Having had seventeen years' experience in the business, prescriptions will be promptly and carefully filled. tf.

By virtue of the will of William Bittinger, who died Saturday, March 3rd, the Lutheran College at Gettysburg received a valuable farm of 200 acres near Mechanicstown, Frederick county, Md, and is made residuary legatee. The entire bequest, amounting to nearly $45,000, is to endow the William Bittinger professorship of intellectual and moral science.

When scarlet fever is prevalent, boil the milk you give your children. This dreadful scourge is said to be induced by a germ found in the milk of cows affected by a certain disease. The same microbe is obtained from the sick cow, her milk, and from scarlet fever patients. Boiling, or even heating to 185 degrees destroys its infectious properties.

The entertainment by Mr. J. F. Hicks at the Opera House last Friday evening was a first-class one. Photographs taken by the government photographer during the late war were by means of the stereopticon thrown upon a large canvas covering the whole front of the stage. The audience was not as large as it should have been, but the interest of all was held during the entire evening both by the scenes and by Mr. Hicks' interesting description of them.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Bloomsburg for week ending Mar 13, 1888.

Mrs. Frank Falefar, John H. Hoff, Miss Hettie Huntington, Mrs Anna E. Jones, Mr. Harrie E. Kern, Ed Klever, Mr. Benjamin Kresler, Mr. Frank S. Kline, Ed Lerch, Thomas Lewis.

Persons calling for these letters will please say "advertised."

GEORGE A. CLARK, P. M.

The origin of March is traceable to the Romans, who regarded it as the first month of the year until the style was changed. The reason for considering it the commencement of the year was attributed to the fact that in March decided symptoms of vegetable growth were visible. The Romans dedicated this month to Mars, and called it *Martius*, because of the great importance they attached to war. Among our Saxon forefathers it was known as *Lenet Monat*, meaning length month.

One of Rawlings' horses, attached to a meat wagon, was standing in the alley between the COLUMBIAN and Rawlings' buildings Monday morning when the desire suddenly entered his head to take a little trip on his own account, and he accordingly started off alone. He described a circle around the two upper buildings in the block, and was racing down Main street, when he was stopped in his mad career in front of Dentler's, or something more serious might have occurred.

News has been received of the death of a brother of Mr. Ernest Perrin, son-in-law of Mr. F. P. Drinker, by drowning in Lake Weir, Florida. He was out hunting and fishing with a friend from Brooklyn, Mr. Grosjean, and they were seen to start out in the lake in the boat, and nothing more was seen of them. The boat drifted to shore full of water. The body of Mr. Grosjean was recovered, but up to the date of this writing Mr. Perrin has not been found.

Mr. Geo. P. Rowell, of New York, who is authority on such matters, in an address before the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, at Indianapolis, proved that five newspapers issue more than one-seventh of the total edition of all the daily papers printed. The number of daily newspapers in the United States now numbers about fourteen hundred, consequently the five which were referred to must each sell an average edition two hundred times greater than the average of the others.

The consecration of Rt. Rev. Thomas McGovern, as bishop of the Harrisburg diocese of the Catholic church took place at Harrisburg last Sunday morning. At least 1200 people witnessed the ceremonies, which were participated in by about one hundred priests, besides bishops and deacons. A choir of twenty-five voices furnished music for the occasion. At the close of the services all the clergymen were driven to Sylvan Heights, the new bishop's residence, where a banquet was served.

Mrs. C. C. Sharpless, of Catawissa, died last Friday morning, and her death was a great shock to her many friends. Her maiden name was Sarah Alice McNinch, and she was born in Northumberland county on December 29, 1848. She married Charles C. Sharpless in May, 1872, and her husband and three children survive her. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon and was largely attended. Mrs. Sharpless was a member of the M. E. Church, and an earnest christian woman. Her bereaved husband and children have the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

Peter Donahue, son of Florence Donahue, died on Friday night after a lingering illness, of consumption. He was employed on the railroad until his health failed. A wife and child survive him. The funeral was to have taken place on Monday morning, and the friends gathered at the house, and the hearse was in readiness, but owing to the absence of Rev. Father McCann by the failure of trains to connect, he having been at Harrisburg attending the Bishop's consecration, the funeral was postponed until Tuesday morning, when services were conducted at St. Columba's church.

The difference in cost between lighting the streets with electric light and with gas was illustrated in Wilkesbarre last week. The Committee on lighting their streets received proposals from both companies. The Wilkesbarre Electric Light Co. agreed to light 32 street lamps, all night for one year or more, not to exceed three years, for 39.6 cents per night, or $144.50 a year, while the Globe Gas Light Co. asked $640 for the same number of lamps. The electric light is by far the nicest light to have, while its cost is not more than one-fourth that of gas.

The following are being examined in Pottsville for the position of mine inspector in the Shamokin district: John T. Burns, Centralia; Albert Ginsberg, Shenandoah; Daniel T. Griffith, St. Clair; William R. Harris, Shamokin; John Jefferson, Mt. Carmel; Arthur E. Jones, Ashland; Isaac Jones, Centralia; William P. Jones, Gilberton; Martin Kelley, Minersville; C. Kramer, John Lecky, Shenandoah; William M. McMurtrie, Yatesville; E. L. Powell, Shenandoah; James Ryan, Ashland; William Taylor, Frackville; A. G. White, Shamokin. The examinations will not be concluded for several weeks.

It is astonishing to observe how few people understand the common rule of measurement in purchasing wearing apparel. For instance, a man will buy a coat that is a "size" too small or too large. A "size" smaller or a "size" larger is what he probably needs, but he does not know what a "size" is. Well a "size" in a coat is an inch, a size in underwear is 2 inches, a size in a sock is 1 inch, in a collar half an inch, in a shirt half an inch, in shoes one-sixth of an inch, pants 1 inch, gloves a quarter of an inch, and in hats one-eighth of an inch. Very few purchasers ever understood the schedule named.

The Nanticoke *Sun* is responsible for the following: "One of the largest hogs ever exhibited in Nanticoke can be seen in the stables of Mr. Louis C. Gabrill, on West Main street, weighing, when last upon the scales, 1017 pounds. The hog is white, looks like the Chester county breed, has been fattened up to the present weight, within the past year, and is really a curiosity for any one to look at who has never seen so large a hog. Mr. A. Croop, one of Briarcreek's best farmers, two miles below Berwick, raised the hog on his place, and on Thursday, the 23rd ultimo, brought the heavy animal to this town upon a pair of bobsleds, drawn by four head of stock.

The strike in the Schuylkill coal region resulted in the substitution of coke for anthracite coal at most of the furnaces and iron works in the Schuylkill Valley. Since the resumption of mining operations the coal companies have been aroused to a realization of the unpleasant fact that there is a tendency on the part of the iron manufacturers to stick to coke. The latter have found that coke is a more desirable fuel than anthracite. If the use of coke is continued, it will seriously cripple the anthracite trade. Anthracite is now lower than it was before the strike, in consequence of the glut in all the coal depots. The strike gave the coke men a splendid opportunity to supplant the anthracite coal, and they were quick to avail themselves of it.

The State Normal School at Bloomsburg will begin the Spring term Monday, March 26th, 1888.

The force of teachers has been enlarged to meet the increase in attendance. Those preparing for County Superintendents' examinations will find even better opportunities than before. Students preparing for college find superior advantages. Send for a catalogue. 2w

An exchange gives the following good advice to young men:

Young man, if you are out of employment, and can't find steady work at home, go west, or south, or somewhere else and take your chances for success. Don't board with your parents and lay around the home till the moss grows on your back, but scatter out into the world and begin on your own hook to make for yourself a fortune and a name. What if you do have it a little hard at first, and meet with adversity; it will do you good—will harden your bones, develop your muscles and expand your brain.

The following appointments of preachers were made for the Lewisburg District of the Evangelical church, at the Central Pennsylvania Conference, held at Lewisburg recently: Presiding Elder, M. J. Carothers. For Lewisburg church, J Hollenback; Buffalo, Jacob Young; Milton, A. H. Irvine; Turbotville, M. J. Jamison; Danville, H. A. Stoke; Bloomsburg, J. F. Shultz; Waller, J. B. Fox; Muncy Valley, M. S. Thomas; Hughesville, J. W. Mensinger; Berwick, Edward Crumbling; Zion Grove, W. H Hartman; Luzerne, H. W. Gross, G. L, Mace under P. E.; Wyoming, C. D. Dick; West Clifford, C. D. Moore; Tunkhannock, M. F. Fosselman; West Brooklyn, G. L. Burson; Dushore, C. L. Sones; Columbia, C W. Finkbinder; A. L. Reeser and W. P. Thomas, members of Lewisburg Quarterly Conference; S. Smith, member of Buffalo Quarterly Conference.

A G. A. R. man, writing to the Catawissa *News Item* from Williamsport, makes the following suggestion, which might well be considered by those having charge of the celebration of the day named: "The next central Grand Army Day will be held at Bloomsburg, and having at one time been a resident of Columbia county (in Catawissa) I feel unusually interested in having this occasion prove of unusual interest. What I consider a good plan by which to accomplish this object has suggested itself to me—offer a couple of prizes to be contested for; one to the best drilled Post Guard, and the other to the best organized Camp of Sons of Veterans. This could be done at a very small cost, and would be the means of drawing to Bloomsburg a large number of people who would not otherwise be interested in the observances of the day."

Arthur Marcley, oldest son of the late Rev. O. D. S. Marcley, died at his mother's home last Saturday morning at about nine o'clock of heart disease and and dropsy. He had been confined to his bed for about two weeks. His life was despaired of from the first attack, as he has been afflicted for about seven years, and each succeeding year he had a more severe sickness. Dropsy had never before accompanied his sickness, and when it manifested itself about a week before his death, the family as well as the physician became alarmed. He was wholly conscious until within three hours of his death. Arthur was a quiet, unassuming young man and had a wide circle of friends who deeply mourn his death at the very infancy of life. His age was 17 years 4 months and 14 days. His mother, sister and brother have the sympathy of the community in their sad bereavement.

The growth of the business of the COLUMBIAN is most encouraging. Its subscription list is as large as it has been at any time during the past three years, and is made up of those who pay for what they get. We have no dead head list and do not send the paper out broad cast just for the sake of claiming the largest circulation. Having no other object in view than to earn our living, we endeavor to conduct the paper on purely business principles. Our advertising patronage is of the best, and in the job department our facilities are taxed to the utmost. Our job books are open to inspection, and an examination will show that each year the work increases. Last year we did a larger number of jobs than ever before. Thus far this year the number is considerably in excess of the number done in the corresponding period of last year, and this has been the rule for the last five years. The best of facilities, skilled mechanics, low prices, and prompt work, account for this increasing patronage. Estimates furnished on all kinds of printing.

Birthday Anniversity.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Crist, at Pine Summit, was the scene of much merriment and good cheer by the assembling of numerous relatives and friends on Saturday evening, March 10th, to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of their son, William Lloyd. Lloyd has been employed in the *Sentinel* office at Bloomsburg for the past year, and came home to spend Sunday with his parents, and upon entering the house found the spacious parlors filled with friends. As soon as the friends had assembled preparations were at once made by their hosts to make those feel at home who had called to extend their congratulations and celebrate the natal day of their son. About 10 o'clock all were invited into the dining room where a bountiful table was spread to refresh and cheer the numerous guests and it is not necessary to say that every one did ample justice to their respective appetites. The evening was spent in social chat; games of various kinds were indulged in by the younger members of the party, while the music, which was furnished by Misses Prudence Lyon and Mattie Fowler, was the charming feature of the evening. Lloyd received many valuable and useful presents to cheer him as he descends the unsteady path of life, and after the evening had been well spent the guests departed for their homes feeling that they had been instrumental in making at least one heart glad to feel that he had hosts of friends who heartily wish that he may live to see many more returns of his natal day.

A GUEST.

A Candid Acknowledgement.

"I know that many physicians are very much prejudiced against all proprietary medicines, and I think sometimes foolishly too. I am, however, willing to acknowledge merit wherever it is deserved. I have prescribed Simmons Liver Regulator, and have given it a pretty thorough trial, myself, and think it deserves all the praise it receives. I have watched its use for the last five years and do not know of a more popular medicine. My patients praise it very highly and it gives good results wherever it is used."—*Extract from a letter of Dr. D. W. Atkinson, Siloam Springs, Ark.*

Farmers.

For a full line of plows, land rollers, Scotch and Lansing spring tooth harrows, drills and corn planters at bottom prices go to WHITE, CONNER & SLOAN.
tf. Orangeville, Pa.

Too Many Drifts.

At February court the 4th of March was fixed for argument court, and Judge McCollum was to preside. On Tuesday afternoon a telegram was received from him stating that it was impossible for him to reach Bloomsburg as the roads were blocked with snow, and neither cars nor stages were running from Montrose. April 3rd has been fixed when the argument list will be disposed of.

No Lecture.

The lecture announced for last Monday night at the Opera House under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, was not delivered owing to the inability of Mrs. McLaughlin, the lecturer, to reach here. Owing to the storm and the blocking of the railroads she could not come, and the telegraph wires being down, prevented her from communicating with the committee. The lecture will take place just as soon as some definite arrangement can be made for it.

The Telephone in N. E. Pennsylvania.

A new telephone company has been organized at Scranton, the object of which is to maintain lines and exchanges for general telephone business in the counties of Luzerne, Lackawanna, Wayne, Susquehanna, Monroe, Columbia, Carbon, Dauphin, Lycoming, Wyoming and Bradford, of Pennsylvania, and Broome county, in New York. The points to be coanected are the cities and towns of Scranton, Carbondale, Williamsport and Wilkesbarre, in Pennsylvania; Binghamton, N. Y., and other cities and towns in the counties named.

A Choir of 200 Voices.

The Oratorio Society has decided to take up the sacred Oratorio "Elijah" and rehearse in connection with "St. Ludmila" and will probably render both at the musical festival in June. Too much credit cannot be given to this society, for the very energetic manner in which they are arranging for this festival and there is no doubt but that they will have 3,000 to 4,000 visitors in our city at that time. The executive board are making an effort to raise the membership of the society to not less than 200 voices for the Gilmore concert and festival.—*Wilkesbarre Record.*

Lightstreet.

Rev. T. H. Tubbs, who has been out of the itinerant work of the ministry for the past year, left for Williamsport on Tuesday to attend the conference of the Central Pennsylvania M. E. church now in session there.

A. B. White has been appointed lay delegate of the M. E. church of this place to attend the session of conference at Williamsport.

H. L. Yohe sold his property to Mrs. Tubbs and Mrs. Snyder last week for $312.50.

M. E. Seybert moved from his farm recently sold on Monday.

Reese Fairman moved to Orangeville on Monday where he will engage in the hotel business at the old stand known as the Heckman house.

Chas. McCafee and wife spent Saturday and Sunday with the latter's parents on the other side of the river.

I. J. Kester is now confined to the house on account of sickness.

Robt. Cook, a boy whom the poor directors have charge of, is now living with A. B. White's.

Stephen Hill, of Espy, took a flying trip to town Tuesday.

William Howell, who has been at Williamsport for some time, is now visiting his parents of this place.

"The Pink of the Road."

A NEW YORKER'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA'S NEW YORK & CHICAGO LIMITED.

(San Francisco correspondence of the New York Sun, February 19th, 1888.)

When it comes to long distance railroading, runs of 1500 miles and upward, the roads of the far west beat the world; but for shorter distances, say a thousand miles, the great roads of the east excel. To ride over the Pennsylvania Chicago Limited from New York to Chicago is to take the cream of American railroading, and that means the very best in the world.

The train, as it stands in the station at Jersey City, is evidently something that the road is proud of. The engine is big. The engineer is that kind of an engineer who starts a train as gently as a mother rocks a cradle, but who, as you will discover when you get there, takes you through the country on the schedule time. When the conductor says the "All aboard!" the porters at the car entrances say "All off that's going," as the officer at the gang plank of an ocean steamer says "All ashore that's going" just before the steamer starts. Those who have come to see friends off look at them through the broad windows as the train glides out of the station and quiet, but none the less ardently, admiring railroad men, look below at every truck and wheel and journal box, not because it is necessary, for the train has already been inspected, but they like to look at the train and to be sure again that the blossomed pink of the road is in perfect trim for another 1000 miles run in twenty-four hours.

Outside the cars are gorgeous; inside they are beautiful and luxurious. You may meet on any big road in any part of the country cars as beautiful and perhaps quite as comfortable, but here is a whole train of luxury. The vestibules between the cars are so deftly joined that you cannot discover under foot where the platforms come together, and the carpeted way is lighted by a centre light overhead. In the smoking-room are big, comfortably upholstered wicker chairs, with broad, easy backs and restful arms. Books if you want to read. Cabinets of bric-a-brac, not too profuse. Rooms in which you may play cards; electric bells that will call a porter, who will fetch Apollinaris waters, or maybe stronger waters in emergency. Electric lights everywhere. I had neglected to get shaved, but the barber-shop on the train afforded comfortable opportunity. It takes a pretty fair sort of a man to shave another on a railroad train at forty or fifty or more miles an hour, but he can do it, though it is not quite so easy as to shave a man on a steamer. However good the road and the rolling stock may be, cars will sway; but the barber establishes a gentle but firm union of himself, the chair, and the patient, so that all move together, and the thing is done. You may take a bath on the train if you wish to do so. In the dining car the linen is fine, the food is satisfactory, and the flowers in the brackets on the sides of the car over the ends of the tables are fragrant and beautiful, and when you get to Chicago you wonder what has become of the twenty-four hours.

Literary Notes.

Book News for March contains more than the usual variety of interesting matter. The portrait is that of Gen. Lew Wallace, famous as soldier, diplomat, and novelist.

Buy Lester's Binghamton Kip Boots Best made.

Court Proceedings.

Court met on Wednesday, March 14, at two o'clock, Associate Judges Murphy and McHenry on the bench. Hon. J. B. McCollum was to have been present, but was prevented by the snow storm, and the blocking of the railroads.

Whitney Wagon Works vs Mrs. S. J. Hosler, supplemental affidavit of defense filed.

D. E. Keller vs Bishop J. Shanahan, trustee. Rule granted to show cause why Bishop Thomas McGovern should not be substituted as defendant.

Commonwealth vs. E. J. Lore, additional rule for new trial, filed.

Petition to divide Greenwood township into two election districts. Order of court directing how commissioners shall proceed, filed.

Application for the sale of real estate of the Odd Fellows' Hall Association of Berwick, decree of court filed.

Estate of Sarah A. Eck, deceased, writ of execution awarded against administrator.

Bond of B. F. Zarr, guardian of Carleton Caswell, on sale of real estate filed, and deed acknowledged in open court.

Estate of Eva S. Shoemaker, citation awarded.

Auditor's report on exceptions to account of administrator of E. Peterman, confirmed nisi.

Watsontown Planing Mill Co. vs. Clark F. Harder, judgment against garnishee.

Application of G. W. Reifsnyder for transfer of license of W. A. Yetter in Catawissa filed.

Estate of Silas McHenry, order for sale of real estate at private sale.

Petition of Reuben Hess to satisfy mortgage of Geo. M Quick to Sarah Quick et al, filed.

F. Boyer vs Samuel Mears' Exr., rule granted to show cause why judgment should not be stricken off.

License of Espy hotel transferred to J. H. Kelchner.

Adjourned to April 3.

MARRIED.

BURLINGAME—CUSTER—On the 22nd of Dec. 1887 by Rev. R. Mallalieu of Espy, Pa., Mr. John W. Burlingame of Afton to Miss Rebecca A. Custer of Lightstreet, Pa.

SCHNEIDMAN—BOONE—On the 24th of Dec. 1887, by Rev. R. Mallalieu of Espy, Pa., Mr. W. H Schneidman to Miss Lizzie M. Boone, both of Afton, Pa.

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA. Monday, March 12, 1888.

There are quiet but powerful human relations, like those of parent and child, of which you never speak, they are so simple, so natural. You will doubtless cry "*Absurd!*" when we say that into the same rank fall the relations between this store and the public. You walk the street. Do you ever stop to say, "It is my right to walk the street," or, "For walking purposes, the street is mine"? Or do you say "thanks" to the air you breathe. You walk through the store, do you question any more as to your rights here than on the street? You note in your visits the touch of the passing seasons—merchandise has its year equally with the calender or the Church—but do you not take it all as you do the touches of sun, air, or foliage—your own to enjoy?

You sit in the waiting rooms, are you any less at home than in your own library?

This freedom is the store charm. We mean to make it more charming. Some charms are spoiled when mentioned. Fun is impossible when the wit is asked to be witty. Happiness, when made conscious of itself by speech, ceases. Not so this quiet power that we call *the store.*

Isn't this strange talk about a retail store? Perhaps you never thought of it before. But it's true.

Are you thinking of the New Carpet? We are ready for you. More space, more styles, more novelties, more price-pull, taking all sorts together; than we have ever had before.

There is not such another carpet store in the world, perhaps. More than 50,000 square feet on one floor. *An acre and an eighth* of room hedged in and windrowed with rolls on rolls of carpet and heaps on heaps of floor coverings of every worthy sort.

The Axminsters and Wiltons were never handsomer, and we never before had such a handy place or such a perfect light to show them in.

Every leading make of the sturdy, reliable, liked-by-everybody Brussels—home-made and foreign. About the 20th inst. the cream of the English Brussels will be on hand.

For the Spring sales we introduce a new line of Brussels. Technical designation, "Wanamaker." Expert information about frames, threads, and yarns wouldn't tell you much. But best worsted, exclusive styles and quality, sold under special guarantee of service, at $1.25 a yard, and a choice of thirty styles, ought to attract.

Ingrains, 25c. to $1. Our stock of these Carpets has been largely increased, and among the patterns are many copied from the better class of goods.

3-ply, best quality 90c to $1.

Extra Supers, Lowell and all the best Philadelphia makes, 70 to 80c.

Medium Supers. All wool, but a trifle under Extra Super quality, 65c.

Ingrain Carpet, made entirely of cotton; same number of "ends" as Extra Super. 40c, A little lower grade, 35c.

Double Chain Cotton Ingrain, 30c. Similar, 25c.

Information, estimates or samples sent to any address. Churches, hotels and the like are particularly interested.

The story of dress goods goes on day after day like the murmur of the sea in a shell.

Challis mingle in their folds the warmth of the wild rose and the coldness of the camelia. Prices hedge between. American, 20c; best French, 50c and 60c.

Checks. A hundred kinds. Thickest maybe in the Ginghams that cover the counters as closely as heather blossoms crowd on a Scotch moor. Anderson's, 40c; Zephyr, 50c.

American Ginghams are unconventional in quality, design, color and price. They radiate neatness and economy, and go with a grace anywhere 27 in., 20c; 31½ in., 25c.

New designs in the Sateens day by day. Every pattern as fresh as a flower cup. No need to sigh for a silk or a satin while these printed wonders can be had for so little. Peerless, 12½c; fine French, 31c; best French, 37½c.

The crinkly, wiry, spider-web-by Crazies, 12½c. A Babel of styles.

Fine Worsted and Cashmere Jerseys at about *half the regular price.* We have just taken over the entire stock (more than 3500) of one of the best Jersey manufacturers in the world. Latest shapes and styles of Plain, Braided and Fancy Goods. Not a thing out of the way with any of them. Just the sorts you would be likely to choose. Just the colors. In the little prices you get the benefit of our big purchase.

Jerseys for 50c
Jerseys for $1.00
Jerseys for $1.50
Jerseys for $2.00
Jerseys for $2.50
Jerseys for $3.00
Jerseys for $3.50

No reason to soon again expect such goods for so little.

Book News for March has a portrait of General Lew Wallace and a wealth of timely Book talk. It is full of clews to current Books. Tells their drift, weighs their worth, gives their fair price. How many of you know the fair price of a Book? You are likely to save the year price of Book News on a single purchase. 5c, 50c a year.

Easter Cards and Booklets and Novelties. From 3 cents. Cards as usual and not as usual. Books and tokens full of surprises. Beautiful things full of art and sentiment that stand for Easter thoughts.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

LOCAL NOTICES.

McKillip

BLOOMSBURG.

Fine Cabinet portraits only $3. doz. Life size Crayons only $10.00. Viewing, copying and enlarging. Instant process used. tf.

The best fresh bread and rolls daily at Phillips' Bakery.

I. W. Hartman & Sons' have their Sateens now exhibited in a conspicious way in the store, go and see them (63 pieces) 12½ to 37½.

Phillips' ice cream parlors will open for the season on Saturday night.

I. W. Hartman & Sons' are in the market with a full line of Spring Dress Goods, to many kinds to name. See them.

Baby carriages in great variety at W. J. Coreil & Co's. 1641

Large and fresh stock of fine candies at Phillips'.

I. W. Hartman & Sons' new Dishes for April are now ready, call and see them before you buy.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c. and $1. Trial size free. At all druggists.

TO PRESERVE NATURAL FLOWERS.—Dip the flowers in melted paraffine, withdrawing them quickly. The liquid should be only just hot enough to maintain its fluidity and the flowers should be dipped one at a time, held by the stocks and moved about for an instant to get rid of air bubbles. Fresh cut flowers, free from moisture, make excellent specimens in this way. If you would preserve your health and invigorate your entire system use Perrine's Pure Barley Malt Whiskey. For sale by C. B. Robbins, Bloomsburg, Pa. [eow.

Women suffering from aching sides and back apply a *Hop Plaster*; it has soothing properties.

THE HOMLIEST MAN IN BLOOMSBURG as well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to cure and relieve all chronic and acute coughs, asthma, bronchitis and consumption. Price 50 cents and $1.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

DO YOU USE

SEEDS?

Send a postal for catalogue to
J. M. THORBURN & CO.,
15 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.
HEADQUARTERS FOR
White Plume Celery and Thorburn's Gilt Edge Cauliflower seed.
feb10tf.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. 50c. at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS.

The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Never fails to cure. 15 cents at Druggists. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.
march16.

MEMORY MAKES SUCCESS

Wholly unlike artificial systems. Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1887 at Baltimore and 1888 at Detroit, large classes of Columbia law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, &c., &c. End

The Funeral Month of March.

An observant metropolitan barber says that he can tell one's physical condition by the state of the hair!

The Bible tells us that with his hair gone Samson lost his strength. The Romans considered baldness a serious affliction and Julius Cæsar was never quite satisfied with himself because his poll was bare.

The face, however, is the open book and one can readily trace in its various expressions, lines, changes and complexion the state of the system.

The eye that is unusually bright and yet has a pallid brightness, the face upon whose cheeks nature paints a rose of singular beauty and flush, more marked in contract with the alabaster appearance of the forehead and nose and lower part of the face, is one of those whom the skilled physician will tell you will some day dread the funeral month of March, because it is then that consumption reaps its richest harvest. Consumption they tell us is caused by this that and the other thing, by microbes in the air, by micro-organisms in the blood, by deficient nutrition, by a thousand and one things, but whatever the cause, decay begins with a cough and the remedy that will effectually stop the cause of that cough cures the disease of the lungs.

That is all there is of it.

The cough is an evidence of a wasting. To stop it effectually, a remedy must be used that will search out the cause, remove that and then heal the lung and do away with the cough. This is the power, special to itself, possessed alone by Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy. This is no new-fangled notion of narcotics and poisons, but an old-fashioned preparation of balsams, roots and herbs, such as was used by our ancestors many years ago, the formula of which has been secured exclusively by the present manufacturers at great trouble and expense. It is not a mere cold dryer. It is a system-searcher and upbuilder and a consumption expellant. Where others fail, it wins, because it gets at the constitutional cause and removes it from the system.

J. W. Hensaw of Greensboro, Pa., on Jan. 15, 1888, reported that "he had derived more real benefit for the length of time, from Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy than he had for years from the best state physicians."

If you have a cough, night sweats, "positive assurance in your own mind that you, oh—you, have no consumption," and yet lose flesh, appetite, courage, as your lungs waste away, you may know that soon the funeral month of March will claim you, unless promptly and faithfully you use the article named. If other remedies have failed try this one thoroughly. If others are offered, insist the more on trying this unequaled preparation.

Some persons are prone to consumption and they should never allow the disease to become seated.

Healthful Bread.

In spite of all that has been said on the subject, people will eat bread made from flour from which all the bran has been removed. Nearly all the phosphates, the most valuable elements for the nutrition of the nerves and bones, are thus removed, and it is also a recognized fact amongst physicians that great injury results in consequence. Any preparations which will replace these valuable elements are certain to be of great benefit to those who use them, compensating as they do, to a great extent, for the absence of the bran. A number of years ago Prof. Horsford, of Cambridge, suggested the use of a baking preparation for raising bread, biscuit, etc., which would supply the requisite phosphates, thereby introducing these necessary elements into the food without cost or trouble. After years of experiment and labor he succeeded in producing the desired preparation, and if report be true, he has succeeded wonderfully well in selling it. The preparation consists of an acid phosphate of lime which combined with bi-carbonate of soda in raising bread, biscuit, etc., leaves in the product the very phosphates required by the system, and which are essential to good health. The idea was an ingenious and valuable one, and needs only to be thoroughly understood to be fully appreciated. The well-known Rumford Yeast Powder is made according to Prof. Horsford's directions, and is positive evidence of the practicability of his idea.

Take Care, Girls.

There are some things a well-bred young lady never does:

She never turns around to look after any one when walking on the street.

She never accepts a seat from a gentleman in a street car without thanking him.

She never takes more than a single glass of wine at a dinner or entertainment.

She never accepts a valuable present from a gentleman acquaintance unless engaged to him.

She never wears clothing so singular or striking as to attract particular attention in public.

She does not wear her monogram about her person or stick it over her letters and envelopes.

She does not permit gentlemen to join her on the street unless they are very intimate acquaintances.

She never raises her lorgnette and tries to stare people she doesn't know out of countenance on the street.

She never snubs other young ladies, even if they happen to be less popular or well favored than herself.

She never forgets her ball room engagements or refuses to dance with one gentleman and immediately dances with another.

She never speaks slightingly of her mother and says she "don't care" whether her behavior meets with maternal approbation or not.

She never takes supper or refreshments at a restaurant with a gentleman after attending the theatre unless accompanied by a lady much older than herself.

Among the singular relics of the Incas is a Peruvian "whistling jug" in the possession of the Tulane Museum at New Orleans. It is in the form of two flat bottles connected at the necks, and by an ingenious arrangement, upon pouring water into it various weird sounds are produced.

In Every Household.—There should be kept a bottle of Pond's Extract, as it is invaluable in case of accidents, slight or serious, that are always liable to occur, such as Cuts, Burns, Bruises, etc. It is of the greatest benefit for Hemorrhages, Neuralgic Pains and Inflammation, while for Catarrh, Piles, etc., it is the best known remedy. Ask your druggist to give you *nothing but the genuine.*

FARM NOTES.

An Ohio orchardist claims that apples at $1.50 a barrel are more profitable than wheat at 75 cents a bushel.

When the birds have swelled heads or eyes, or hoarse breathing, ten chances to one there is a crack or crevice in the poultry-house, or draughts come in from the top ventilator. The top ventilator has killed thousands.

Professor Storer says that many farmers in New England have found that mixtures of bone meal and wood ashes serve them an excellent purpose when used as substitutes for barn-yard manure. On good land apply 600 pounds of bone meal and 20 bushels of unleached ashes.

Dettwiler, a German chemist, has estimated that, including bedding, one cow will produce fourteen tons of manure in a year, and that the cost of manure of one cow for one year estimated on four different farms in Germany was respectively $11, $14, $5 and $28, or an average of $12.

Mr. A. I. Root thinks that if he should own a small apiary and discover foul brood in it he would burn up the whole business rather than endeavor to experiment in curing the disease. If the larva be elastic and ropy it is a sure indication of foul brood. This is a sure test, but the odor is not to be relied upon.

Voelcker found from analysis that in farm-yard manure which had been rotted for three months there were per ton 24 pounds of potash, 6 of phosphoric acid and 15 of nitrogen. Allowing 5 cents a pound for the potash and phosphoric acid, and but 10 cents for the nitrogen, the ton of manure will be worth $3.

Any community of farmers can, by co-operation in the purchase of a thoroughbred male, greatly improve their stock in a single season, and at but a small expense to each, while the enhanced value of the stock would more than compensate for the effort. It really costs nothing to improve, as improvement is simply adding additional value to the stock.

Kindness controls and guides all animals, says the *Live Stock Indicator*. This is true when their life commences with such treatment. A bull or a heifer that has run with its dam and has had no attention from man until 6 or 12 months old will fear every object that is new to it, be it man or boy or anything else. Overcome the fear and it is ready to be taught.

The *Woman's Journal*, of Boston, Mass., reports Mrs. A. Hill, of Skowhegan Falls, Wis., as a successful beekeeper, her stock in three years having increased from two colonies to forty-one, and the surplus honey, after enough had been sold to pay all costs, averaged eighty-two pound per colony. Mrs. Hill feels justified in thinking that bee keeping is a good business for women.

Professor H. E. Alvord, of Massachusetts Agricultural College, believes that milk is more susceptible to the influence of the air than to the breathing of the cow. He would draw the milk in the open air, and thus have it thoroughly oxygenated. If the cows be milked in the same air in which they stand the milk will be bad, but if milked in fresh air the trouble will be obviated.

Farmers who keep sheep can accommodate each other by exchanging, so that each may have a half or quarter for use while it can be kept fresh. With ice and a refrigerator in the cellar meat may be kept a week or more even in warm weather. These are old-fashioned methods, but they are a part of the farmers' privileges, and happy are those so situated that they can still live up to them.

There is in American over 4,000,000 farms, large and small. They cover nearly 30,000,000 acres of improved land, and their total value is something like $10,000,000,000. These figures are not, of course, comprehensible. They simply convey the idea of vastness of area and equal vastness of importance. The estimated value of the yearly products of these farms is between $2,000,000,000 and $3,000,000,000.

An advocate of corn-fed pork admits that the hog fed miscellaneously has the sweetest and tenderest meat, and if taste be a criterion in pork, as it is reckoned to be in everything else that is eatable, the fruit-fed and milk-fed pork is certainly best. But he adds that if greater firmness be desired it may be had by finishing off the last few weeks of fattening by feeding corn meal, not corn in the ear.

The *Poultry Record* gives this method of liming eggs for long keeping: To one pint of salt and one pint of fresh lime add four gallons of boiling water. When cold put it in stone jars. Then with a dish let down your fresh eggs into it, tipping the dish after it fills with the fluid, so they will roll out without cracking the shell, for if the shell be cracked the egg will spoil. Put the eggs in whenever you have them fresh. Keep covered in cool place and they will keep fresh for a year.

An oblong square, as long again as wide, is the most profitable shape for a garden, as the rows are equally long and less time is taken up in turning the horse. The size of the same should be in proportion to the number of the family, bearing in mind the fact that one-fourth of an acre well manured and cultivated will produce more and better vegetables than a whole acre not so well attended to.

That Tired Feeling

Afflicts nearly every one in the spring. The system having become accustomed to the bracing air of winter, is weakened by the warm days of the changing season, and readily yields to attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed. It tones and builds up every part of the body, and also expels all impurities from the blood. Try it this season.

THE GENERAL DRIFT.

The Astors are said to own eight thousand buildings in New York City, and it is estimated that their combined wealth is fully $400,000,000.

According to the statements of the great ready-made clothing dealers, the average height and weight of men in this country have perceptibly increased since the war.

A hundred years ago Julien Dubuque set foot in Iowa, at the place where now is the city bearing his name. The Old Settlers' Association is preparing for a centennial celebration.

The burial rites of the Burmese were performed the other day at a Washington cemetery over the remains of the noted Burmese hairy woman, Mah Poon, who died at the age of sixty-six years.

A little girl thirteen years old was lately in the hands of the St. Joseph (Mo.) police and upon being interrogated revealed the fact that she had been married twice and was the mother of two children.

A pie-eating match was a feature of a recent Washington entertainment. Ten boys with their hands tied behind them were turned loose upon the pastry with a prize in view for the winner. It is said the way those pies disappeared was enough to warp the digestive apparatus of a sausage machine.

A lad of Gilroy Valley, Cal., was bitten four times by a large tarantula the other day and was saved from death, it is thought, by his father, who hurriedly killed a young turkey and ripping it open laid it upon the boy's wounds. When removed the fowl was found to be hard and discolored from the absorbed poison.

Remarkable canine sagacity was displayed a short time ago by a Newfoundland dog near Williamsburg, N. Y. The owner of the animal being overcome by extreme cold while crossing the open fields would have perished had it not been for the noble animal, who seized his master's hat and carried it to his home, thus procuring assistance.

A wealthy farmer died recently near Sedalia, Mo., and bequeathed his property to his two sons with the proviso that they support their aged mother during her life. The will was laid away for a few days, and when brought forward for probate it was found that the signatures were entirely destroyed, having been gnawed off by the mice, rendering the will invalid.

An enterprising citizen of the United States is the proprietor of the only machine mill operating in the city of Morocco. It is related that the Sultan forbade the erection of the mill, and the grinding stones were accordingly seized, but by an ingenious trick the American had them released and proceeded with his mill, and, so says report, the Sultan now patronizes it.

On Tuckahoe Neck, near the eastern shore of Maryland, lives an aged negro who was at one time known as the human salamander. Among his various feats were those of placing a red-hot poker upon his tongue, taking live coals in his finger, walking barefooted upon red-hot wagon tires and taking mouthfuls of molten metal. All this it was said he did without any preparations and never sustained injury.

During a recent slippery day a laborer engaged in wheeling snow from the board walk of the Brooklyn bridge set his barrow down for a moment and rested himself by sitting on it. All of a sudden the wheelbarrow started down hill and slid to the end of the incline, fully 399 feet, and out of this freak of a wheelbarrow an idea was born. No more barrows were pushed down. They were allowed to slide, and on each of them was perched a man.

For absent-mindedness a citizen of Bangor, Me., certainly is entitled to the wreath. Not long since he severely injured one of his fingers and was advised to poultice it. He prepared a poultice and applied it carefully to the diseased member and then went about his business as usual. Soon, however, the finger began to pain him in an unusually severe manner, and he could not account for it until he made a close examination of his hand, took hold of the member that pained him, when he found that the poultice was on the wrong finger.

The Repentant Cardinal.

HOW THE CARDINAL PRIMATE OF PORTUGAL EXCOMMUNICATED THE WHOLE WORLD.

A good many years ago, while traveling in Portugal, I arrived at a place called Lamego, situated in the Northern portion of the kingdom and in the centre of the district where the port-wine grape is most extensively cultivated; it is also renowned, throughout the peninsular, for excellence of its hams, the hogs being fed principall on acorns in the adjoining forests. Seeing a cardinal's hat hung up in the principal church I inquired whose it was, and apropos of this the verger told me a story.

It seems that the Cardinal-Archbishop, in making a tour through the kingdom, visited the town, and at dinner ate so much Lamego ham and drank such a quantity of port wine that he became somewhat inebriated, and before retiring to rest tottered to the balcony of his room in the inn and called out with a stentorian voice: "Tutte 'l mondo excommunico, salvo vino di portoe presciutto di Lamego," (I excommunicate the whole world except port wine and Lamego ham), and then his Eminence went to bed and the whole world remained in a state of excommunication that night without being aware of it. On the following morning, however, the ban was removed, for the Cardinal was reminded by his suite of what he had done and he was compelled to proceed again to the balcony and shout out: "Tutto 'l mondo absolvo" (I absolve all the world). In penance he sent his Cardinal's hat to the church.

Paine's Celery Compound

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Containing Celery and Coca, those wonderful nerve stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.

RHEUMATISM
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND purifies the blood. It drives out the lactic acid, which causes Rheumatism, and restores the blood-making organs to a healthy condition. It is the true remedy for Rheumatism.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power, combined with the nerve tonics, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.

DYSPEPSIA
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worst cases of Dyspepsia.

CONSTIPATION
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is not a cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Long-standing cases of constipation yield to its use.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Prop'rs
BURLINGTON, VT.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their express and postoffice address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y. (25nov6m.

A Goose Bone.

The best reading of the goose bone is obtained before it gets thoroughly cold after being removed from the pot and scraped. If the bone is left to stand the marks become dim and uncertain and the reading is very unsatisfactory. Having your bone prepared, the best way to study it is to go into a dark room and hold it before a bright light. The bone is translucent, and held before a strong light the marks upon it may be plainly discerned. The marks upon the keel of the bone are the ones that are of significance. The other discolorations on the bone are merely corroborative. The most distinguishing marks are in the shape of carets, braves, dots, and semicircles, and it is their position on the bone and the direction in which they are turned that gives the general indication of the weather.

If a majority of the caret-shaped marks point upward, it will be clear and cold but if they point down it will be gloomy, falling weather, with more or less snow. The small breve marks and the semicircles, as well as the dots and the scratch-like marks on the bone, indicate the temperature, and the heavier and darker they are the colder will be the weather. If they are light, or but few of them on the bone, the winter will be open and pleasant. If the marks near the beginning of the bone point out, it indicates that there will be stormy, disagreeable weather during November; pointing out at the other end of the bone, they indicate bad weather for March. The ridge running along near the middle of the keel of the bone is indicative of the length and severity of the winter; if the ridge extends, uninterrupted, the length of the bone, and is dark and heavy, the winter will be a severe one; but if the ridge grows weak and indistinct at places, for that part of the winter the weather will be warm and thawing.

All these features must be closely studied, first separately, and then together. Anyone, by closely studying this bone, can correctly predict the general character of the weather during the three months; but it takes time, study, and experience to divide the bone into days, so as to locate the date of the different changes. In Kentucky many of the best readers of the bone do not worry about reducing the prophecy to days, but are content with learning the general character of the winter, and this information is of great value to farmers when they find it such that they can depend upon it.
—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

An Imperative Necessity.

What pure air is to an unhealthy locality, what spring cleaning is to the neat housekeeper, so is Hood's Sarsaparilla to everybody, at this season. The body needs to be thoroughly renovated, the blood purified and vitalized, the germs of disease destroyed. Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other blood disorders are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the most popular and successful spring medicine.

Do not depend upon any ones crop. Have something to keep you reasonably busy the year round, and make everything pay at least a small profit.

DON'T SCOLD

a man for groaning when he has Rheumatism or Neuralgia. The pain is simply awful. No torture in the ancient times was more painful than these twin diseases. But—oughtn't a man to be blamed if, having Rheumatism or Neuralgia, he wont use Ath-lo-pho-ros, when it has cured thousands who have suffered in the same way? It has cured hundreds after physicians have pronounced them incurable.

"The skill of five physicians could not cure me of Rheumatism which had settled in the hips, neck and shoulders. So intense was the pain that sleep was almost impossible. The first dose of Athlophoros gave me relief, and the third enabled me to sleep for four and a half hours without waking. I continued its use, and am now well."
Rev. B. H. TROTH, New Albany, Ind.

Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored picture, "Moorish Maiden."

THE ATHLOPHOROS CO. 112 Wall St. N.Y.

You Can't BEAT THEM! For General Family use they are Vastly Superior to ALL other kinds.

THE FAMOUS HOP PLASTERS

Clean, fragrant, curative and highly medicinal, prepared from Fresh Hops, Balsams, Extracts and Gums, spread on white muslin.

They restore and vitalize weak parts, subdue inflammation and instantly banish pain whether in the Back, Side, Hip, Leg, Kidneys, Joints, Shoulder, Chest, Breast, Stomach or Muscles. Powerfully soothing, pain allaying and strengthening. The best plaster on earth is the verdict of thousands. Mailed for price by proprietors,

Hop Plaster Company, Boston, Mass.

Swindlers abroad! This plaster is spread on white muslin, ready for instant use. HOP PLASTER CO., signature on every plaster.

BLOOMSBURG PLANING MILL

The undersigned having put his Planing Mill on Railroad Street, in first-class condition, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line.

FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, FLOORING, Etc.

furnished at reasonable prices. All lumber used is well seasoned and none but skilled workmen are employed.

ESTIMATES FOR BUILDINGS

furnished on application. Plans and specifications prepared by an experienced draughtsman

CHARLES KRUG, Bloomsburg, Pa

I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

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Pierce's Pleasant Purgative LITTLE LIVER PELLETS. The Original

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sensitive influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a backing cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache.

Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. Hausner, the famous mesmerist, of Ithaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

Thomas J. Rushing, Esq., 2502 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

Eli Robbins, Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her. Before she saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

WE DO WEAR THE N. Y. STANDARD $3.00 CUSTOM PANTS MADE

But it takes something more than low prices to make our goods sell as fast as we can make them up. We only use all wool cloth of the latest design and pattern. It is very strong FIRST, as to feel. It is firm and well satisfying. Not coarse, because of the wiry, tight twist of the wool. It wears like leather.

NEXT, as to our low prices. That comes from our handling such enormous quantities and asking such small profits. We are now taking the entire product of three mills, and that hardly satisfies our demand.

New York Styles, AVOID IMITATORS, Always in the Lead.

NEXT, we make goods only to order, and by our scientific measurement blank can fit you as well if you live a thousand miles from our store. We send our goods to customers both by mail and express, at buyer's option.

NEXT, by sending six cents in stamps you will receive by return mail a package of twenty samples of cloth for Pants, Suits, and Overcoats, and if you mention this paper 60-inch Tape Measure Free. Also full set of measurement blanks. Try this and confirm your order.

OUR GUARANTEE. We never permit any one to be sorry he dealt with us, for we always have and always will refund money for any cause.

REFERENCES.—American Express Co., New York City, with whom we do an enormous business.

Send for samples and Call at our Store; Art now, and begin to save One-Half of the cost of your clothing for the balance of your life. Call or address

N. Y. STANDARD PANT CO., 66 University Place, N. Y. City, Near Union Sq.

feb17-1y-8t

Heartburn

When the food does not digest, but ferments and sours, it causes a burning sensation. This is a step in the direction of

Dyspepsia.

It can be cured—safely and surely—with

DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS,

which will put all the digestive organs in healthy condition.

For Sale by all Druggists. Price 25 cts. per box; 5 boxes for 65 cts.; or sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philada.

Tutt's Pills

CURE

Malaria, Dumb Chills, Fever and Ague, Wind Colic, Bilious Attacks.

They produce regular, natural evacuations, never gripe or interfere with daily business. As a family medicine, they should be in every household.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

nov28-26coly.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

mar16d4t.

TO CONSUMPTIVES

Use WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA. For consumption, weak lungs, coughs, asthma, bronchitis, and general debility it is an acknowledged specific remedy. TRY IT. Price $1 and $2 per bottle. Prepared only by WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 162 William St., New York. Sold by Druggists. Send for Circular. febl7d4t.

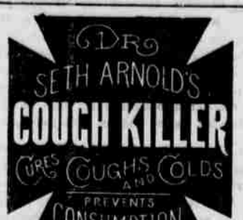
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavouring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable tonic. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," &c.

GENUINE WITH BLUE SIGNATURE OF BARON LIEBIG in fac-simile across label. Highly recommended as a night cap instead of alcoholic drinks.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists. Sole agents for the United States (wholesale only) C. Davis & Co., 9 Fen-church Avenue, London, England. feb17 d4t.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE



All Druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1.00. Prepared only by Dr. Seth Arnold, Med. Corp., Woonsocket, R. I. 28s&16m

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

STATIONS.	P M	P M	NORTH. A. M.	A. M.
NORTHUMBERLAND	5 40	1 35	10 10	6 15
Cameron	5 55	....	10 25	6 30
Chulasky	6 00	....	10 29	6 34
Danville	6 08	1 58	10 36	6 40
Catawissa	6 25	2 14	10 53	6 58
Rupert	6 30	2 19	11 00	7 05
Bloomsburg	6 36	2 24	11 07	7 12
Espy	6 42	2 29	11 15	7 20
Lime Ridge	6 50	....	11 22	7 27
Willow Grove	6 54	....	11 26	7 31
Briarcreek	6 58	....	11 30	7 35
Berwick	7 05	2 48	11 37	7 42
Beach Haven	7 11	2 54	11 44	7 49
Hick's Ferry	7 18	2 59	11 48	7 55
Shickshinny	7 30	3 09	11 58	8 06
Hunlock's	7 43	3 19	12 08	8 17
Nanticoke	7 50	3 26	12 16	8 22
Avondale	7 54	....	12 20	8 58
Plymouth	7 59	3 35	12 25	8 33
Plymouth Junction	8 03	3 39	12 30	8 38
Kingston	8 08	3 43	12 37	8 45
Bennett	8 12	....	12 41	8 49
Maltby	8 17	....	12 45	8 53
Wyoming	8 22	3 52	12 50	8 58
West Pittston	8 27	3 56	12 55	9 03
Pittston	8 33	4 01	1 03	9 09
Lackawanna	8 40	....	1 11	9 17
Taylorville	8 48	....	1 19	9 25
Bellevue	8 58	....	1 25	9 30
SCRANTON	9 00	4 22	1 30	9 35
STATIONS.	P M	P M	SOUTH. P M	A M
SCRANTON	6 10	9 50	2 03	6 20
Bellevue	6 15	9 55	....	6 25
Taylorville	6 20	10 00	2 14	6 30
Lackawanna	6 26	10 08	2 21	6 37
Pittston	6 36	10 16	2 28	6 45
West Pittston	6 42	10 22	2 34	6 50
Wyoming	6 47	10 27	2 39	6 55
Maltby	6 51	10 30	....	6 59
Bennett	6 55	10 34	2 47	7 03
Kingston	6 58	10 38	2 50	7 07
Plymouth Junction	7 05	10 42	2 54	7 12
Plymouth	7 10	10 47	2 59	7 16
Avondale	7 14	10 51	3 03	7 21
Nanticoke	7 19	10 55	3 06	7 25
Hunlock's	7 26	11 02	3 19	7 43
Hick's Ferry	7 47	11 12	3 29	7 55
Beach Haven	7 55	11 22	3 39	8 07
Berwick	8 01	11 28	3 45	8 13
Briarcreek	8 07	11 37	3 51	8 20
Willow Grove	8 13	....	3 57	8 27
Lime Ridge	8 16	11 48	4 01	8 31
Espy	8 20	11 52	4 05	8 35
Bloomsburg	8 26	11 58	4 12	8 41
Rupert	8 32	12 05	4 18	8 47
Catawissa	8 37	12 10	4 24	8 52
Danville	8 42	12 15	4 29	8 57
Chulasky	8 57	12 30	4 46	9 15
Cameron	9 03	....	4 54	9 23
NORTHUMBERLAND	9 07	12 40	5 00	9 28
	9 22	12 55	5 15	9 45
	A M	P M	P M	P M

Connections at Rupert with Philadelphia & Reading Railroad for Tamanend, Tamaqua, Williamsport, Sunbury, Pottsville, etc. At Northumberland with P. & E. Div. P. R. R. for Harrisburg, Lock Haven, Emporium, Warren, Corry and Erie.

V. P. HALSTEAD, Gen. Man.,
Scranton, Pa

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division, and Northern Central Railway.

TIME TABLE.

In effect FEB. 5, 1888. Trains leave Sunbury EASTWARD.

9.40 a. m., Sea Shore Express (daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 3.15 p. m.; New York, 5.50 p. m.; Baltimore, 4.40 p. m.; Washington 5.50 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all Sea Shore points. Through passenger coach to Philadelphia.

1.43 p. m.—Day express daily except Sunday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6.50 p. m.; New York, 9.35 p. m.; Baltimore 6.45 p. m.; Washington, 7.45 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia and passenger coaches through to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

7.45 p. m.—Renovo Accommodation daily for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.35 a. m.; New York 7.10 a. m.; Baltimore, 5.15 a. m.; Washington 6.05 a. m.; Sleeping car accommodations can be secured at Harrisburg for Philadelphia and New York. On Sundays a through sleeping car will be run; on this train from Williamsport to Philadelphia. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 8 a. m.

2.50 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Monday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 8.35 a. m.; New York, 11.5o a. m.; Baltimore 8.15 a. m.; Washington, 9.30 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.10 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily except Sunday), for Erie at all intermediate stations and Canandaigua at all intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman Palace cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

9.55—News Express (daily except Sunday) for Oak Haven and intermediate stations.

12.52 p. m.—Niagara Express (daily except Sunday) for Kane and intermediate stations and Canandaigua and principal intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester and Parlor car to Williamsport.

5.30 p. m. Fast Line (daily except Sunday) for Renovo and intermediate stations, and Elmira, Watkins and intermediate stations, with through passenger coaches to Renovo and Watkins.

9.30 a. m.—Sunday mail for Renovo and intermediate station.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Sunday mail leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m Harrisburg 7.40 arriving at Sunbury 9.30 a. m. with through sleeping car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

News Express leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m. Harrisburg, 8.10 a. m. daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury 9.53 a. m.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m.; Baltimore 7.30 a. m. (daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury, 12.52 p. m., with through Parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Fast Line leaves New York 8.00 a. m.; Philadelphia, 11.50 a. m.; Washington, 9.50 a. m.; Baltimore, 10.45 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 5.30 p. m., with through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Erie Mail leaves New York 8.00 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11.25 p. m.; Washington, 10.00 p. m.; Baltimore, 11.20 p. m., (daily except Saturday) arriving at Sunbury 5.10 a. m. with through Pullman Sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia.

SUNBURY, HAZLETON & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.

(Daily except Sunday.)

Wilkesbarre Mail leaves Sunbury 9.35 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.46 a. m., Wilkes-barre 12.30 p. m.

Express East leaves Sunbury 5.55 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6.36 p. m., Wilkes-barre 7.55 p. m.

Sunbury Mail leaves Wilkesbarre 10.20 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 11.49 a. m., Sunbury 12.45 p. m

Express West leaves Wilkes-barre 5.05 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 4.39 p. m., Sunbury 5.37 p. m

SUNDAY ONLY.

Sunday mail leaves Sunbury 9.25 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.16 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 11.45 a. m.

Sunday accommodation leaves Wilkes-Barre 3.10 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry, 6.39 p. m., Sunbury, 7.30 p. m.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Passenger Agent.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE COLUMBIAN